

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,807, Vol. 69.

June 14, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week the House of Lords did only formal business; but some interesting proceedings took place in the Commons. The Central London Railway Bill was read a third time; the Government promised before long some important statements as to the progress of business; and, a batch of bogus instructions in reference to the Tithes Bill having been ruled out, the House went into Committee on that measure, a substantial gain being thus secured, though progress was at once reported. The discussion of the Education Vote was resumed; and, a considerable amount of respectable and not exactly superfluous speaking having been accomplished, the Vote was agreed to, the House went out of Committee, and the Code Bill was read a second time. The next subject turned to was Supply, with the Diplomatic and Consular Vote on Report, which gave natural enough occasion for the usual divagation on all sorts of subjects. The end was the Closure and the securing of the Vote after a sharp wrangle on one of the trumpety Irish complaints about the Special Commission, in which we are extremely sorry to note that Mr. BRYCE supported the complainants. Thus, not only was something attempted on this day, but something was done—though at the expense of a sitting lasting till past two o'clock in the morning.

The instruction dodge, which had been heavily wounded on Thursday and Friday nights in last week, received, it may be hoped, its death-blow from the SPEAKER on Monday, when Mr. PEEL not only ruled out an instruction of Mr. MORLEY's, but explained his reasons for doing so, and, being solicited by Mr. GLADSTONE, exposed—to the great wrath of that *ci-devant* statesman, and with the result of drawing rebukes in the style of Miss Miggins on his own sacred wig from Mr. GLADSTONE's followers in the press—the *cui bono* of instructions generally. It is, of course, satisfactory to have from the highest authority a confirmation of the opinion which all honest and clear-sighted observers must have formed, that these instructions were the merest trick to counteract the Closure and the abolition of debate on going into Committee, and to go back on the second reading. In consequence of the SPEAKER's ruling Government for the second time scored heavily, and got another of their great measures—the Land Purchase Bill—into Committee, progress being, as in the former case, at once reported. In the meantime, the vexed and vanquished Gladstonians attempted, as usual, to revenge themselves by a miscellaneous wrangle, the adjournment of the House being moved by Mr. DILLON, in order to call attention to the dispersion of his rabble at Tipperary and Cashel during Whitsuntide. The maintenance of order at these disorderly meetings, the frightful immorality of Mr. BALFOUR, and the practice of "shadowing" were grumbled about till nearly twelve o'clock, when the adjournment was rejected by 281 to 221. During the debate Mr. DILLON applied the ingenious term "squib" to the playful missiles, ranging from grenades of gas-pipe to cart-wheel hubs filled with gunpowder, with which his friends salute the police; and a Conservative member, Captain BETHELL, gave his opinion that shadowing was "damnable." Captain BETHELL is in the navy, and may have remembered that the sergeant of Marines in His Majesty's ship *Happy* said the same of JACK EASY's opinions. After Mr. BALFOUR had demolished Mr. DILLON, Mr. GLADSTONE got up and made one of those speeches which show that he has thrown all scruples to the winds. On the same day the House of Lords very properly rejected Lord MEATH's Bill for legalizing the election of women to County Councils; and entered upon a discussion of

sweating, in which Lord DUNRAVEN and others took part, and which was adjourned. The "betterment" proposal of the County Council was thrown out by the hybrid Committee of the House of Commons charged with that matter.

The sweating discussion started by Lord DUNRAVEN was continued in the House of Lords on Tuesday by Lord WEMYSS, Lord MONKSWELL, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Lord DE RAMSEY, and others, both motion and amendment being withdrawn in the end, according to a practice somewhat ludicrous in appearance, but in the case of these "academic discussions" practical enough in reality. Unfortunately, nothing more practical is at all likely to come of it, unless, indeed, now that the Gladstonian party approves directly of boycotting, and therefore constructively of its sanctions, trade-unionists are encouraged to thin the congested labour market by killing off anybody who takes starvation wages. In the Commons a fresh disappointment awaited Gladstonians, and sadly disturbed their equanimity, already upset by the SPEAKER. After that impious HEROD had massacred dozens of innocent instructions on Monday there yet remained alive one of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's on the licensing subject, and on this Gladstonians' hopes were fondly fixed. But, alas! the unnatural parent, by his next friend, Lord CURZON, smothered the infant, and the abominable Government was allowed its wicked will. Mr. SMITH had announced that the other two Bills having been got into Committee, the Local Taxation Bill would be taken first, and the House set to. Mr. PICTON's and Mr. FOWLER's amendments were, after long debate, got rid of by 254 to 190 and 249 to 169, and Mr. ACLAND's was being discussed when the House adjourned. All these concerned the purposes to which the money allocated for licence-extinction and the other ends of the Bill should be applied. During the sitting one of the regulation episodes of offended honour between an Irish member and Mr. BALFOUR occurred. It is strange that those who dilate on these matters should forget the celebrated case of Pancakes *v.* Mustard, and the knight's evidence therein, as reported in *Shakspeare and Touchstone*. Or, if that seem trivial, they might remember a famous incident in the history of their own beautiful island as told by my Lord MACAULAY. "On my honour, sir," answered HAMILTON, "I believe 'they will.' 'Your honour!' muttered WILLIAM. 'Your 'honour!'" In private business on the same day some work of interest was done, the preambles of the railway "splitting" Bills being passed (to the great rejoicement of people who, though they think too wicked and baccarat damnable, have no objection to a Stock Exchange flutter) and the desire of the County Council to "REBECCA" certain of the Duke of BEDFORD's gates being provisionally granted. Of this last matter it may be said that it is quite unconcerned with the privilege or profit of any brutal aristocrat, but will still further curtail the habitable portion of Central London, and will lessen the number of such as sleep o' nights among the professional men and others who still inhabit there.

The occupations of Wednesday need but little notice, though they were of a much more generally useful character than the usual business of what might be called, in a new Republican Calendar, Fadsday. The Infectious Diseases Bill was taken through the report stage, the Directors' Liability Bill discussed till the adjournment of the House, and certain other Bills forwarded more or less.

On Thursday the House of Lords sped several Bills on their several ways, some to death and some to life. In the Commons, though weary hours were spent in debating Mr. ACLAND's frivolous amendment to the Local Taxation Bill,

and there were some of the usual Irish wrangles, the chief interest was concentrated on question-time. Here were concerned two matters of great importance—the resignation of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the order of business likely to result from the Conservative meeting at the Carlton. In reference to the former matter, more information is required than has been yet given. There was a general idea that Mr. MONRO played something of the part of JACOB to Sir CHARLES WARREN'S ESAU; but, on the other hand, his own handling of the police in detail has been the best recently shown, and his attitude in reference to the procession nuisance all that could be desired. If the rumours which have been spread as to the immediate cause of the retirement be true, Mr. MATTHEWS has a very heavy account to settle with the public. As to the Carlton meeting, it was called to give the Government information as to the sentiments of the party, and it did so. We cannot pretend to be very sorry that the feeling shown was adverse to the plan of hanging up Bills—even if this be not, as some hold, a device contrary to constitutional ways, likely to encourage slack management in the Government of the day, and capable of being used with ill results to the order and continuity of English institutions. The feeling thus shown no doubt necessitated some delay in definitely settling Government plans for business. It is a fair proof of the strange condition of Gladstonians that they regard this delay as a triumph.

Speeches,
Letters, &c.

After a lull in platform, dinner, and other extra-Parliamentary speaking, a great burst of all these kinds took place on Wednesday. Mr. BALFOUR, at a dinner given to Conservative candidates at the next election (may the shadow of them grow bigger!), reviewed the recent utterances of English and Irish Parnellites in his most lively fashion, and bestowed considerable attention upon the present block of business. In both which respects we applaud him—an applause which stints a little when we come to his dubbing himself a democrat. This, it is demonstrable, he is not. As how? Marry thus in *Camestres*:—"All democrat is fool or knave; "No Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR is fool or knave; "Therefore no Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR is democrat." Mr. MORLEY covered much the same ground, though it need hardly be said in by no means the same sense, at the National Liberal Club, indulging besides in alarms and excursions on the superhuman virtues of Mr. GLADSTONE, on which when Mr. MORLEY thinks it would seem that they bring him quite to the melting mood. On the same day Lord SPENCER spoke at Wisbech in that disconsolate Spencerian manner of his which seems to say, "I know I have no business where I am; but I must stick to my party." Mr. H. H. FOWLER frankly declared himself an obstructionist, *quand même*, at Northampton, and Lord HARTINGTON, addressing the Women's Liberal-Unionist Association, stoutly maintained the old view as to the direct participation of women in politics, while cheerfully admitting their indirect influence. Mr. GOSCHEN addressed an important deputation on the subject of Savings Banks. Not a few members of Parliament unburdened their souls about Obstruction in letters to the *Times*, and a pleasant note, in a style far too uncommon with the author, was published from Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE, M.P., referring to Mr. COOKE'S lively account of his Parliamentary experiences, and ending, "your mistrusted but very faithful." If Mr. GLADSTONE had always written thus, "We had for him dropped all abusive particles, And Heaven had wanted some immortal articles."

Foreign
Affairs.

Little of importance was recorded in foreign affairs at the end of last week, but not a few Ministerial statements of weight have since been reported from foreign capitals. Much unofficial and semi-official wrangling has gone on between German and English newspapers and newspaper correspondents as to the African delimitation question, but the upshot of the news of the moment is that direct negotiations are to be suspended for a time; while Sir JAMES FERGUSSON has declined to give any positive information as to the various floating assertions on the subject. It can therefore only be said that the insinuation made in some Gladstonian quarters, that if these assertions are correct the "main" point had been surrendered to Germany, is grossly untrue; the settlement indicated being, on the whole, very favourable to England, and the suggested retirement of Germany from her position at Vitu most important. On the other hand, it is to be trusted that the postponement is not due to any hope

on the part of the Government to tide over the present feeling in England. That feeling will not be allowed to subside.—It appears not to be doubtful that the disturbances on the Turco-Servian frontier, reported last week, are due to the most reprehensible policy of the Servian Government in quartering Montenegrin emigrants on its marches.—The Newfoundland difficulty and the arrest of Anarchists in Paris continued to attract some attention.—The Addresses of the Austrian Delegations to their Sovereign, the EMPEROR'S reply, and a subsequent speech of Count KALNOKY'S contained nothing very important, though the Austrian Minister's tone was cheerful, and he administered a well-deserved rap to Servia's knuckles, by pointing out that Servia has been behaving very badly, that it is not Austria-Hungary's place actually to interfere with her, though she richly deserves it, and that Servia is "neither independent enough nor strong enough to bring about any difficulties by herself." These remarks (which coincide with a practical reminder to Servia that she is by no means independent of her neighbour in the shape of the exclusion of Servia's great staple, Pig, from the Austro-Hungarian dominions) have drawn remonstrances from that troublesome little kingdom, to which, it is presumed, Count KALNOKY has rejoined with something like "Deeds, not words, please." On the other hand, the demands of the Austrian War Minister have met with a good deal of grumbling.—On Tuesday the new German CHANCELLOR used sensible and moderate language about the Reichsland, while M. RIBOT in the French Chamber ingeniously draped the French retreat in Egypt from the position of SHYLOCK unmitigated to that of demi-SHYLOCK.

The
Temperance
Nuisance.

On Saturday last the much-advertised "demonstration" against the Government licensing proposals came off, with such mitigated annoyance to HER MAJESTY'S subjects as the well-devised and firmly-carried-out measures of the police could manage, with a great deal of vapouring and nonsensical talk, with a considerably smaller assemblage than that of the Eight Hours Demonstration, and with a certain amount of brawling on the part of the rowdier processionists. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is said to have spoken of the present House of Commons as the House "which the people had been fools enough to elect." Considering that the members present consisted chiefly of Sir WILFRID himself, Mr. CONYBEARE, and Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, there must be allowed to have been a certain appropriateness in Sir WILFRID'S description.

Sport.

The Oaks was won on Friday week by the Duke of PORTLAND'S Memoir after a slashing race (in which Memoir's companion, Semolina, with whom her owner had declared to win the One Thousand, forced the running); and the Paris Grand Steeplechase on Sunday by an English horse, Lord DUDLEY'S Royal Meath.—The most interesting of the cricket-matches which were left unfinished when we went to press last week, that between Cambridge University and the Australians, was drawn last Saturday, the second innings of the Cambridge men and the first of the Australians reaching the heavy totals of 357 and 351 respectively. The matches of the first half of this week were very much interfered with by the heavy rain of Tuesday. The most interesting, that between the Australians and Middlesex at Lord's, after going through some very odd ups and downs, had to be drawn owing to this cause.

In the first part of the Mathematical Tripos Miscellaneous at Cambridge, the results of which were announced last Saturday, a young lady, Miss PHILIPPA GARRETT FAWCETT, *fortis fortibus creata*, was announced as above the Senior Wrangler; a very creditable achievement, even though the conditions of the Tripos be somewhat changed from the real "Senior Wrangler" days.—Lord ROSEBURY presided pleasantly on Monday at the opening of the Edinburgh Free Library, one of Citizen CARNEGIE'S instalments of "ransom," and the Northern capital has also enjoyed the presence of Mr. STANLEY, who passes, minitabund to Lord SALISBURY, throughout the land. For this reason Mr. STANLEY did not appear at Cambridge to receive his degree on Tuesday, but the Master of Balliol, Canon LIDDON, and others did so.—A movement, very substantially backed by the PRINCE OF WALES and other Norfolk gentlemen, has been set on foot for the restoration of Burnham Thorpe Church as a memorial to NELSON.—Dr. SWETE was on Monday elected to the Cambridge Regius Professorship of Divinity, in the place of the

Bishop of DURHAM.—The English Roman Catholics have been busy in presenting testimonials and addresses to Cardinal MANNING.—On Tuesday a meeting was held to discuss "Alcohol and Children," at which one sapient speaker denounced "the cruel and pernicious plan of supplying beer to boys in public schools at supper-time." The early death, absolute imbecility in body and mind, and comparative uselessness to his country and friends of the English public school-boy during the centuries for which this practice has gone on are matters of such historical certainty that one would have thought it almost unnecessary to denounce it.—It was reported yesterday morning that Lord WOLSELEY had sent in his resignation of the post of Adjutant-General.

Obituary. The death of Lady ELY deprives HER MAJESTY of a faithful servant of forty years' standing and of one of the most intimate of her friends.

—In Dr. OAKLEY, the late Dean of Manchester, the Church of England has lost a well-intentioned, but scarcely judicious, son. There was no fault to find with Dr. OAKLEY's Churchmanship; but it was not in politics only that he showed a head not quite so strong as his heart was warm and his soul blameless.

At the beginning of the week appeared the *Books, &c. Life and Writings of Professor Sedgwick*, edited by Mr. J. W. CLARK and Mr. HUGHES (Cambridge: University Press); and a valuable *Dictionary of Anonyms*, by Mr. CUSHING (SAMPSON LOW & Co.).—In theatrical matters, Mr. DALY's company, more welcome in London than some other importations from the West, has opened its season at the Lyceum, Miss REHAN, Mr. DREW, and their fellows being very well received in *Casting the Boomerang*; while the second week's venture of the French company at Her Majesty's, *Paris fin de Siècle*, has, despite its rather artificial character, been better liked than *La Lutte pour la Vie*. If, by the way, the *Times* still desires the position of leading daily journal, it would do well to employ dramatic critics who can write English. "Society ladies" may be some language; but English it is not.

"TO TUBAL AND TO CHUS HIS COUNTRYMEN."

WE deal elsewhere, and very fully, with the purely financial side of the Egyptian Conversion; but the discussion in the French Chamber on Tuesday last was far too interesting and important, both in pure politics and as a specimen of what may be called high political comedy, to remain undiscussed here. The deputy who tapped the flow of M. RIBOT's eloquence belonged to the Left, and said the sweetest things about England, till rude people on the Right pointed out that matters would not be in their present case if some friends of M. PICHON's had not been afraid of joining England eight years ago. But the undaunted M. PICHON held that France was quite right not to join. Then M. RIBOT spoke. He observed comfortably, and with the beautiful French logical strictness, that it was impossible that France could ever have objected to Conversion, because ties of all sorts unite France to the Egyptian nation, and therefore France could not object to anything likely to do the Egyptian nation good. To the profane mind this might seem to exhaust the question; but M. RIBOT had much more to say. There was "a guardian behind Egypt," and it was the painful but imperative duty of France to get that guardian out of his position. The SULTAN wanted England to go; England is negotiating with the SULTAN, and, therefore, "we" could not consent to leave the employment of the funds at the disposal of England. This, it is to be hoped, is clear. Why did France insist on the retention of the cumbrous and costly separate Administrations? In order not to injure the credit of Egypt. For it is well known that a public debt is a public blessing, and the more money a man has to spend on the mere business of getting the interest of his debts paid the less, it is plain, will he have to waste, and so to injure his credit. (From this it would appear that if a man is known to be saving in any way, it injures his credit.) But "we" have gone further in the way of discharging our debts to the Egyptian nation. The Daira could have been converted at once at 80 per cent.; but "we" have insisted that it should be done at 85, and by instalments. It would not do, you see, for Egypt to get off her obligations too cheaply; it might encourage a fatal recklessness. And then M. RIBOT quoted a neat little piece of his Note on the subject, and wound up by declaring that "we" shall always "uphold the savants who bear aloft

the French flag." *Quid savanti cum vexillo? Longe distat hoc ab illo*, says the canine but rational bard. Lastly, M. RIBOT is sure that England "has understood that in this matter, from the beginning to the end of the negotiations, we have never been actuated by a selfish interest," and gives the much less questionable assurance that "we" shall show tenacity in reminding England how much we desire that she would kindly go—and let "us" in.

A prettier or a hollower piece of "having the honour to be" would be difficult to imagine. One is almost sorry for M. RIBOT in that he had to reassure TUBAL and CHUS on the score of the eighty and eighty-five per cent. so openly. "We," it seems, maintain the cause of the Egyptian people, but not to the extent of giving up twenty, only fifteen per cent. below par. TUBAL and CHUS would not have been satisfied if he had not said this, and yet it doth the noble substance of his plea rather badly to its own scandal. For our part, we will be plain with M. RIBOT. No Englishman who is not a fool believes France to have been "actuated in this matter" by anything but a selfish interest, or rather by two—the first, the wish to get as much money as possible out of Egypt; the second, the wish to keep as much power as possible out of the hands of England. Secondly—for we shall not imitate *le cant Ribotique*—no sensible Englishman dreams of denying that, though we stay in Egypt for Egypt's good, as this very business proves, there are considerations of our own good involved likewise, and we do not intend to disregard or surrender them. M. RIBOT comforts himself that, according to the solemn declarations of the English Government, the English occupation is "temporary." He would be a rash man who claimed anything eternal in this world. And, without playing on words too much, it may well be that the English occupation will be temporary; but, if so, it will be on one condition—that the exclusion of France shall last for all time.

MR. SMITH AND MR. GOSCHEN.

KING LEAR proposed to amuse himself in his retirement, and in the reverses which followed on his somewhat hasty action on his idea of the most fitting mode of spending the concluding years of his life, by hearing "poor rogues talk of Court news . . . who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out." Poor rogues still continue to talk of Court news, and to put statesmen in and out, in the reign of Queen VICTORIA, as they did in that of her very remote predecessor. They have become a separate profession, a corporation even. They have organized themselves into press or news agencies. They "take upon them" the mystery of things, as if they were God's spies, or the spies of some other power. They are the detectives of politics. Mr. BRIGHT used to say of them that they usually found out what was going on; but they also found out so many things which were not going on that their genuine discoveries were lost among the inventions which accompanied them.

Since the formation of Lord SALISBURY's Government it has been reconstructed by the respectable descendants of the "poor rogues" of LEAR's time about once every three months. It has undergone some changes in itself, chiefly in obedience to the arithmetical rule of simple addition. But the changes foreseen have never been the changes which have actually taken place. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's retirement was known to no outsider before it was announced, and was probably not known to himself very long in advance of the public. Since he sawed off the branch very near the top of the tree on which he was sitting, speculation has confined itself to one or other of two changes. One of them concerns the head of the Government. Lord SALISBURY has been deprived, turn and turn about, of one or other of the two offices which he now holds, and which it is to be hoped he will continue to hold. Without underrating the strength which Mr. GOSCHEN, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. BALFOUR, as Irish Secretary, give to the Government, and the value of Mr. SMITH's services as Leader of the House of Commons, we hold that the most fortunate feature of its composition is the association by Lord SALISBURY of the office of Foreign Secretary with that of Prime Minister. It is curious that an arrangement which has so much to recommend it should never have been made before. We put aside the barren question whether the elder PITT and CHARLES FOX could properly

be described as Prime Ministers. CANNING, joining the Premiership with the Foreign Office, thought of sending Lord GODERICH to the Treasury with the leadership in the Lords, as Mr. SMITH now occupies it with the leadership in the Commons. When the second MELBOURNE Administration was in process of formation the King and the new Ministers joined in entreating Lord GREY to take the first place, either as First Lord of the Treasury or as Foreign Minister. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in one of those recurring difficulties with Lord PALMERSTON which make up a large part of the history of his Government, meditated cutting the knot of an entangled situation by taking the Foreign Office and a peerage, with remainder to his brother, the Duke of BEDFORD, which would practically have been a life peerage. The usual system means that there are two Foreign Ministers, and is often attended with the delays and embarrassments which a dual administration seldom escapes. The success of Lord PALMERSTON was due in a great degree to the fact that he insisted on being practically Prime Minister, and even sole Minister in Foreign Affairs. The success of Lord SALISBURY as Foreign Minister, which Prince BISMARCK has recently acknowledged, is due, not only to his unique acquaintance with foreign affairs, but to the fact that he is not hampered by the assistance of a titular Foreign Secretary. When Lord SALISBURY next catches a cold, or stays longer at Hatfield than was expected, we shall hear again that the two posts are in excess of his or of any man's strength, and that he is about to surrender one or other of them. That he will keep them as long as his Ministry lasts—a period which there is good reason to hope and believe will be a long one—is earnestly to be desired.

The other periodically recurring rumour to which we have referred sends Mr. SMITH to the House of Lords, and nominates Mr. GOSCHEN as his successor in the leadership of the House of Commons. It may some time or other become true, and would possibly have become true, at least as regards the first part, before now if Mr. SMITH had more regard to his own feelings and desires than to the unanimous sense of his colleagues of the value of his services in the position which he now occupies. It is supposed that he took the post with reluctance, and in the belief that the arrangement would be but a temporary one. Mr. SMITH has as moderate an estimate of his own powers as Lord ALTHORP himself had; but his view of himself is not shared by his colleagues, nor by his party, nor by that larger body of sensible and moderate men whose judgment forms public opinion. But Mr. SMITH was, comparatively speaking, a late comer in the House of Commons. The statesmen who have nearly or actually reached, or even passed, the octogenarian limit—Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, and, though not in the same degree, Lord BEACONSFIELD—were cradled in the House of Commons. They breathed in it their native air. The whole habit of their life was formed upon it. Mr. SMITH came to it from other pursuits; and in his case it may possibly be that adaptation of the organization to the environment which is the secret of energetic and continued vitality has not been as completely established as in theirs. Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord BEACONSFIELD, unlike Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GLADSTONE, found it necessary to seek the repose of the House of Lords towards the close of their careers. The indisposition, trifling we are glad to believe, which kept Mr. SMITH from his place for a week after the recess, has generated anew the rumours of his approaching retirement. If, measuring the strength which remains to him with the labours which await them, he should deem it prudent before very long to ask to be relieved from them, the plea, though it might be and would be combated, in the interest of the public service, could not be permanently resisted. In the event of Mr. SMITH's following the example of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. DISRAELI, and seeking the lighter toil of the House of Lords, it is to be hoped that his sagacity in council, perhaps even his great business faculty in the administration of an important department, would continue to be at the service of the country.

For the post of his successor two names will occur to every one, those of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSCHEN. But Mr. BALFOUR could with difficulty be spared from the Irish Office; and that office, partly on technical grounds of rank, is scarcely compatible with the leadership. Of late years the Ministerial leadership has been held in conjunction with the non-laborious post of First Lord of the Treasury, or the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the least fatiguing of all the great Ministerial departments. This

consideration, with some others, points to Mr. GOSCHEN as Mr. SMITH's successor, if Mr. SMITH is sooner or later to have a successor. The relationship of Mr. BALFOUR to Lord SALISBURY is not a valid objection to his elevation to a position for which he has every personal and Parliamentary qualification; but it is possible that objections would, in fact, be felt which it might be difficult to disregard. Mr. GOSCHEN has a readiness in debate not inferior—we do not speak of eloquence—to Mr. GLADSTONE's. He is scarcely less a master of foreign politics than of finance. He has been a successful administrator in offices dealing with matters so little akin as those of Local Government and of the Admiralty. The fact that he is the solitary representative of the Liberal-Unionists in the Government—not through the unwillingness of Lord SALISBURY to include them, but through their reluctance for the moment to be included—adds to his great personal claims. Perhaps among the Conservative party there may be some to whom Mr. GOSCHEN appears scarcely of their own flesh and blood. There is in Mr. GOSCHEN a certain detachment from party which, however creditable to his independence of character and intellectual integrity, weakened his hold among Liberals while he was yet among them, and which may possibly not be a source of strength should he be called to Ministerial leadership in the House of Commons. But, weighing one thing against the other, the balance inclines to his side. It is the best tribute to Mr. SMITH's efficiency that the exchange, if it ever take place, would substitute for an accomplished success a very hopeful experiment indeed, but still an experiment.

"WE KISSED AGAIN WITH BEARS."

THE *Chronique du Journal Général de l'Imprimerie* has published a full report of the debate on copyright in the American Congress. The French printer has done his best, and it is really very good, with the English names. But he has had a few charming lapses of intelligence, which may divert the unthinking; while the debate, in general, is most instructive reading. The deputy for New Jersey, Mr. MACADOO, has a name strange even to ears familiar with the roll of the clans. Indeed, it lends itself to an obvious pun. The much ado made by Mr. MACADOO was all on the side of paying English authors something for their books. "Thou shalt not steal" was a prohibition which he quoted from a venerable code, and he tried to refute the proposition that whatever is not to be stolen is a monopoly, while monopoly is another name for theft. This contention goes a good deal deeper than copyright, and, perhaps, proves too much for the property and comfort of copyright's opponents. Mr. MACADOO held, and we are happy to agree with him, that the best English books are not those in which copyright would exist, if it existed at all, and that America might be content with having English literature gratis, from CHAUCER to SCOTT, and even later. What America has got for nothing, in the way of modern books, was, he said, as a general rule, the very rubbish that America would be much better without. Who steals most of our books steals trash and rubbish which would not be shot on the American market if it could not be had for the stealing. Prohibit stealing, and young or even old Americans will scarcely read what the report calls "The Stealside Library." It is a very pretty and appropriate name, "Stealside"; but Mr. MACADOO probably spoke of the Seaside Library. They are the same silly and, apparently, larcenous thing; still "Seaside," not "Stealside," is the title of this furtive series. Among the names of the books, got for nothing and published for a few cents, is, the report declares, *We Kissed Again with Bears*. This reads like a history of an Anglo-Russian alliance; but that would hardly interest the Stealsider. Possibly the book really is "We Kissed Again with Tears," and that we may have done after "Coming through the Rye," or saying "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" or "Coming up Red as a Rose," or any other similar performance. Another work of Stealside is apparently devoted to the future, when Mr. GRANT ALLEN's theories of marriage have been generally adopted. It is called, with desirable and alluring vagueness, *The Mother's Secret*; or, *Whose Child was the?*—was the what? The Duke or the Earl most probably is to be understood. Mr. McLENNAN mentions a South Sea lady who had never revealed her secret, never told who was the father of her son. It turned out, when the mystery was accidentally revealed, that her

husband was her child's father. The mother, in the novel, may have hidden a similar fact with coy reserve, and her husband may have been the parent of "the." We cannot tell; but we can maintain, with Mr. MACADOO, that the romance would be better unstolen. It is different in the case of *The Black Poodle*. Here, again, the title tells us no more than "The Runcible Cockatoo" would tell us, or less; but if "The Black Poodle" was meant, we may congratulate the Stealsiders. They have pilfered something worth having from Mr. ANSTEY. *The Man with the Broken Ear* is no theft from us, but well deserving to be read, and a contrast to *Satan's Coach*, in which we dimly recognize the hand of XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN. *The Golden Pig* is also not English; it is M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY'S *Cochon d'Or*, and our British purse-strings are unwrung, unless, indeed, the Stealsiders have stolen our English version ready made, which is highly probable.

Mr. MACADOO finds that not only rubbish, but wicked feudal rubbish, is made to compete with Republican authors to their ruin. All the characters are lords and ladies, a thing shocking to the morality of Americans. They never write about these tyrants; or, if a lord is introduced, it is only that he may go about using the word "beastly." Their heiresses have no passion for dual marriages, or, if they have, it is because they have been corrupted by *Lord Linne's Choice*, *Lady Gwendoline's Dream*, *The Earl's Atonement*, and similar Stealsideries, such as *Lady Castlemaine's Divorce*. To the pure laws of America divorce is unknown, but, if once the public becomes familiar with the *Divorce of Lady Castlemaine*, there may be a cry for this pernicious institution. Mr. MACADOO complained that when an American made a fortune in old rags or broken bottles, he sold his daughter to some English debauchee, devoured with debts, but with a coronet on his pocket-handkerchief. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and all this wickedness comes from the absence of a Law of Copyright. Give the law, and *Lady Foodle's Repentance* will not be worth stealing, and no fair daughter of Stealside will sigh to be a Lady FOODLE. Perhaps Mr. MACADOO hopes too much from copyright. People will be snobs while the world stands, but, no doubt, patent insides teach them a few lessons of snobbishness. The patent inside is not a digestive machine, but is that part of an American newspaper, as we gather, in which British stolen goods are conveyed to the purchasers of the journal. As they can be had for nothing, the native manufacturer of patent insides is undersold and perishes of inanition and neglect. But Mr. ANDERSON, of Kansas, prefers to go on without copyright, so highly does he value patent insides. To protect English authors would be to feed full the greed and avarice of English authors, a most grasping crew, whose wicked ideas every American wishes to have for nothing, while his kindred patent insiders may starve for all that he cares. Mr. HOLZ, the publisher, mentions a hard case; he has published an American work of genius by a lady who is poor and has parents to support. The work of genius is a financial failure, slain by patent insides choked with stolen British goods. But a young lady cannot demonstrate, nor break heads and windows; she can but take to her sewing-machine. Mr. DANA EATES publishes about a million dollars' worth of books yearly, but will not publish an American manuscript. He sends hundreds back to the authors, whose only tie to life is the chance of getting into a magazine. In the tons of unpublisable American MSS. may lurk mute inglorious BRYANTS, WHITTIERs, and SHAKESPEARES. But they "have no show"; they are crushed by English goods gratis. Moreover, these English goods, bad or excellent, are adulterated. The pirates disfigure and mutilate their prisoners, and publish as the work of English, Scotch, or Irish, BROWN, SMITH, or ROBERTSON, a book which those authors never wrote as it is printed.

We are not very much concerned as to how the Americans may alter or maintain their laws. For us it is merely a money question. For them it is a question of morals, of conduct. They do injure their literature, they do depress their authors, they do flood the minds of their public with alien ideas and with unmitigated nonsense. In support of this they claim a moral right to steal and disseminate what they think morally and politically wrong, and all in the interest of the poor and the labourer. The deluge of claptrap on which the black flag of literary piracy is floated does America more harm than any loss of authors' and publishers' gains can do to us. If no such gains were in the question, we should still believe that the indiscriminate printing of foreign books, often quite unknown at home, is an injury to American society. Native bosh would be less detrimental,

perhaps, though this is doubtful, than the silly, stolen stories of the Stealside Library.

The latest remark of an American critic, Mr. MAURICE THOMPSON, in *America*, reaches us as we write, and enables us, as it were, to Kiss Again with Bears. Mr. THOMPSON says:—

When an American farmer offers his wheat in the market it does not have to compete with stolen wheat brought from over sea by pirates. Absolute robbery is not winked at by law in any field of human rights save in the domain of letters. The inventor of a dancing doll, or a corset fastener, or a nutmeg grater, may have a patent everywhere; but the makers of a nation's literature must grovel at the feet of Congress while conscienceless thieves despoil them of their property produced by labor as great as that of any workmen in the world.

Look at the respective attitudes of England and America. England stands ready to enforce the rights of American authors the moment that the United States will agree to do the same for English authors. The United States Congress refuses on the ground that to prevent stealing would make English books a few cents dearer! On which side of the line does civilization lie? Which of the two nations occupies the superior ground? It may be that we can afford to boast of our republican honesty in one breath and sanction the most odious form of piracy in the next; but we do not think that we can.

Mr. THOMPSON seems to be unaware that American authors may secure respect for their rights here. Nobody steals Mr. HOWELLS's works, nor MARK TWAIN's, nor those of any American author who chooses to protect himself. There is no way by which we can be protected in America.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

LORD DUNRAVEN was appointed Chairman of the Committee on the Sweating System. When investigation came to an end, it became his duty to draft the Committee's Report. He drafted it in language so passionate and unjudicial that none of his colleagues could assent to it. The impossibility of doing so having been expressed in a unanimous vote, Lord DUNRAVEN withdrew from the Committee, Lord DERBY took his place, and in due time the Report appeared which we lately found occasion to remark upon. In framing their Report the Committee took from Lord DUNRAVEN's draft all that they could take without injustice to their own sense of the reasonable and the becoming; but, as a whole, it differed so much from that document in tone, temper, and judgment, that Lord DUNRAVEN could not endure it in silence. Accordingly, he brought his complaint before the House of Lords this week, on the basis of a Resolution "that, in the opinion of 'this House, legislation with a view to the amelioration of 'the condition of the people suffering under the Sweating 'System is urgently needed.'"

If at any time, either before he addressed the House of Lords on Tuesday or in the course of his speech on that occasion, Lord DUNRAVEN had shown a way to the legislative interference he desires, his Resolution and his complaints against the Committee would have been much more reasonable. But here he failed. For, no doubt, he has tried as hard as anybody to discover a means whereby the Legislature could wisely, justly, and hopefully redress the miseries to which so many thousands of poor people are subjected by the competition for work, and the all but universal practice of employers to pay no more for labour than they are forced to pay. Lord DUNRAVEN is deeply moved by these miseries; and we may be sure that no one can feel more strongly than he does that the legislator who wrought out a wise effective means of reducing them would not only bring a blessing to his fellow-creatures but make himself illustrious. And since, moreover, there is no reason to apprehend that Lord DUNRAVEN has been withheld from the attempt by any disbelief in his own capacity for it, we may take it as a matter of certainty that he has employed his wits to the utmost in this business. And yet he has no suggestions to offer that have not been repeatedly made for years past, or that were not sure to be tried before he spoke of them; and therefore it is but a sign of weakness to press on the Legislature a declaration that its interference is "urgently needed." Nor does his own acknowledged helplessness assist his attack on the Committee; whose worst fault seems to be, after all, that they neither weep enough nor scold enough over evils which they are no more capable of inventing a remedy for than he is himself. Now, weeping and scolding are very well in their way; and if Lord DUNRAVEN were to say that both are extremely useful in this very matter most of us would agree with him. Because they are hardly to be touched by legislative measures that any sane man would advocate, we are not therefore to turn

our backs upon the dreadful distresses revealed in the evidence adduced before the Committee on the Sweating System. Suppose it a settled thing that the Legislature can provide no remedy against certain miseries or certain wrongs, it does not follow that they are irremediable altogether. In this case there is a remedy; though, so far as we can see, only one that is in the least degree likely to work any appreciable improvement in the lot of those for whom Lord DUNRAVEN is so worthily concerned. In the end, it is raising the price of a great variety of commodities in common use; the means to the end is a general extension of shame at offering starvation wages for overwork to multitudes of poor people, or even to any one of them. There are plenty of us already who would be brought near to starvation ourselves before we would knowingly take a hand in that hideous game; and the revolt we feel at the thought of it must be common to all but the most brutally selfish. And even of these there cannot be many who would not be touched by shame demonstrated and made public as their own. Therefore it is well that the shocking privations, the terrible oppressions inflicted on so many of our fellow-creatures by "cutting" and competition in various trades should be preached against wherever preaching is a rightful business. No harm can come of that; much good may come; and yet not so much as may be hoped for by some, since the end of it (in as much as it succeeds) must either be a rise in the price of commodities which are cheapened, through excessively low wages, for the use of the extremely poor, or vast importations of pauper-made goods from abroad; meaning less work at home. But—and this is what Lord DUNRAVEN, amongst others, needs teaching, apparently—it is not the business of a Parliamentary Committee to weep and scold, though it may be a useful and becoming one beyond the walls of the Legislature. The work of a Parliamentary Committee, when it is employed in such matters as the "Sweating System," is to take evidence of the facts, consider how they arise, and determine whether and in what way the Legislature may beneficially exercise its authority to remedy proved social evils or social wrongs. If that was pretty much the whole duty of the Committee of Inquiry into the Sweating System, Lord DUNRAVEN himself cannot say that they have failed in it. They have taken evidence of the facts most fully; and here it is in print for the use of any one who can turn it to good account. It is manifest that the Committee (every member of which had been thinking of the matter for years before) did faithfully consider how these facts arose, how they are related, the miseries that rise out of them, and every reasonable remedy presented to their own intelligence or through the wisdom and knowledge of others. And, if the end of it is that the Committee have no safe and far-reaching remedy to suggest, here is their accuser with nothing more to offer. In this statement of his contribution to remedial interference we include the remarkable proposal that home workshops, which in an enormous number of cases are the dwelling-rooms of the workers, should be placed under the operation of the Factory Acts, and be subject to the investigation of Factory Inspectors.

Not that Lord DUNRAVEN's complaints were confined to the absence of remedies beyond his own invention. He insinuated pretty broadly that the Committee had throughout their Report betrayed a prejudice in favour of capital as against labour. In plain words, they had "ignored" evidence when it testified to the rapacity of contractors, or showed that the miseries of the "sweated" were due, not to the natural operations of trade, but to "a disordered and unwholesome condition of manufacture." To us this seems a most unjust accusation; though after Lord DERBY and other members of the Committee had replied to it the accuser stood to his ground, declaring that "to the case he had laid before the House no answer whatever had been made." There we must leave it, then. To the complaint that "the Report is not painted in very brilliant colours nor with a very vigorous brush"—in other words, is destitute of the "word-painting" which Lord DUNRAVEN himself would have brought to the work—a sufficient reply has been given. It is to be found in Lord DERBY's answer, and in the considerations advanced above. But even here Lord DUNRAVEN is unfair. The Report does speak in most feeling terms of the distresses endured by the poor wretches employed in what are called the "sweating trades"; does reprove the competition of mere greed; and, what is more, even goes so far as to suggest that Government departments and municipal bodies should adopt a system in

giving out contracts which would practically establish a State rate of wages above competition point. Surely Lord DUNRAVEN should have been content with that. It furthers his own desires—as we understand them—far more than could be done by any amount of word-painting, which, indeed, was already an exhausted art before he took up the brush to decorate his draft. We should not be surprised to hear, however, that he is of a different opinion.

ABOVE THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

MISS FAWCETT'S astonishing success has not followed so closely on Miss RAMSAY'S as to excite a panic among male candidates in either Tripos. But it has undoubtedly done more for ladies' colleges, and their place in public estimation, than could have been accomplished by a number of smaller circumstances, each perhaps quite as relevant in itself, and all collectively spread over a much longer period of time. Even if Newnham, and Girton, and Somerville, and Lady Margaret were capable of containing an appreciable portion of "our girls," as of course they are not, it would take most people many years to discover that ladies were better educated or more capable of getting on in the world than they used to be. But everybody knows, or has been told, or believes, or understands, that it is a prodigiously fine thing to be Senior Wrangler. An eminent scholar, when asked to explain on paper the action of the common pump, considered it necessary and sufficient to write out the formula of the binomial theorem. The grandeur of the Senior Wranglership may be appreciated without even that modest smattering of mathematics. If there are subjects withdrawn from the part of the Tripos just concluded, and resumed for a further examination in which the order of merit is not observed, that only leaves the earlier portion more strictly and purely mathematical. Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN records that Miss FAWCETT'S distinguished father—a man too early lost to economic science and to public life—was prevented by nervousness from taking his proper place in the Mathematical Tripos. He was actually Seventh Wrangler. He ought, it was supposed, to have been a good deal higher. It is not the least extraordinary feature in Miss FAWCETT'S brilliant career that her nerves must have been absolutely proof against the excitement of a contest far more trying for a woman than for a man. The point is an extremely important one. If girls are not injured by the keenest intellectual competition, either with their own sex or with the other, the only possible danger of such institutions as Newnham is removed. It would, of course, be unscientific to generalize from a single instance, or even from the Senior Wrangler and the Senior Classic combined. But Mrs. HENRY SIDGWICK, one of the founders of Newnham, has kept, for some years past, a very careful record of old pupils and their subsequent history, from which it would be difficult for the gloomiest philosopher to draw any discouraging inferences. It would, no doubt, be a mistake to suppose that all the young women in ladies' colleges are ambitious, or work hard. Newnham and Girton are very pleasant places, nor do academic surroundings always tend to the promotion of diligence. But Mrs. SIDGWICK has proved, or rather the facts have proved for her, that success in examinations, whatever may be thought of its value, is not detrimental to a girl's health.

The cases of Miss FAWCETT and of Miss RAMSAY, now Mrs. MONTAGU BUTLER, are curious and interesting examples of what, for want of a better word, must be called heredity. That the only child of such exceedingly able parents as Mr. and Mrs. FAWCETT should herself be among the cleverest and hardest-headed women of her generation must gladden the heart of Mr. FRANCIS GALTON and all speculative physiologists. It is also amusing to observe how in each instance the daughter has followed the pursuits of the father and his family. Mr. FAWCETT was a mathematician before he became an economist and a politician. Sir JAMES RAMSAY was distinguished at Oxford as a classical scholar, while his brother, the late WILLIAM RAMSAY, had a perfect genius for scholarship, and the well-known Professor of "Humanity" at Glasgow is also Mrs. BUTLER'S uncle. If Mrs. BUTLER'S infant son fails to fulfil the promise of his origin, the hereditary school will have some reason to complain of him. Mathematics are, in the opinion of some competent authorities, very well adapted to the peculiar qualities of the female mind, and they have some obvious advantages which need not be specified. One would

hardly like to see a feminine edition of ARISTOPHANES, or even of the Greek Anthology, though that is very much wanted. Other authorities deny that the female mind has any peculiar qualities, although GEORGE ELIOT admitted that the masculine intellect, "what there is of it," was of finer quality than the feminine. If Miss FAWCETT should devote her rare abilities to the study of natural science, she may dispel the illusion that women are incapable of original speculation. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, it is said, only popularized LAPLACE in her treatises, just as Miss MARTINEAU dramatized RICARDO in her tales. Certainly no woman has approached NEWTON or DARWIN, any more than "the scanty train of SAPPHO" have dethroned ÆSCHYLUS or SHAKESPEARE. One less remote result of Miss FAWCETT's victory must be to raise once more the old question of degrees for women, which are already conferred by the University of London. It is something more than anomalous that a woman may be "above the Senior Wrangler," but not Senior Wrangler, may be the first mathematician of her year, and yet not a graduate of her University. The rejoicings at Newnham must have been picturesque, and could hardly have been in excess of the occasion, though "some idiots" have protested against them. As Mrs. BUTLER was a member of Girton, the two Cambridge Colleges, which have far outstripped their Oxford rivals, may now be regarded as equal. But, lest Newnham should be exalted above measure, Girton took the opportunity on Saturday of beating her at lawn tennis.

DEMONSTRATION ROWDYISM.

THE only incident of any importance in last Saturday's demonstration was the attempt to lynch Sir H. HAVELOCK-ALLAN. The eloquence was only the usual froth of mud, and the argument only the paradox or muddle of head which has been repeatedly heard before and abundantly answered. Of course the speakers called themselves and their hearers the people, and of course they whined or ranted at the tyranny which would not allow them to take possession of the streets. The time has come when a yawn and a police order to move on are the only answer to this gabble. We shall not be expected to take serious notice of the weighty truth that the demonstration was a demonstration. Of course it was. We always knew it, and knew also that it is not easier for a friend of the people to lie than to get up a demonstration. As for the size of this one, or any other, and what they mean, if anything, the sane man refuses to discuss the question. The meaning of a demonstration, and the significance of a bye-election, are to every man just what his common sense, or want of it, allows them to be.

The attack on Sir H. HAVELOCK-ALLAN did, however, prove something. It showed convincingly how absolutely those of us who always maintained that the tendency of all demonstrations is to collect the blackguardism of London were in the right. The Temperance party, so called, are fond of asserting that they are the most law-abiding and orderly of mankind. Well, for the sake of argument, and for that reason only, we will allow the claim to pass as not being self-evidently ridiculous. What, then, appears from the fact is, that these law-abiding and orderly persons contrived to collect last Saturday a mob of foul-mouthed rowdies who blocked the entrance to the Park. There, after working themselves into the proper frame of mind—no difficult thing to do—by howling abuse at ladies and other quiet people, they proceeded to attempt a cowardly and murderous attack upon a very distinguished officer. This, then, is what the demonstration proved, and from this we think it is easy to draw the deduction that these assemblages are a pestilent nuisance, and should be prohibited. It may be said, with some force, that the ladies who were insulted would have been better at home, engaged, if not in washing shirts—which, it seems, the Temperance rowdies advised them to do (after all, NAUBICAA washed shirts)—at least in some occupation of an elegant domestic character. On the other hand, it is also true that the more resolutely the community refuses to give up its rights to lying fanatics, and their congenial following of blackguards, the sooner shall we get a remedy for the demonstration nuisance. Again, it may be said that General HAVELOCK-ALLAN might have abstained from answering the insult of the rabble which menaced him. It had certainly been dignified in him to behave as the Duke of WELLINGTON did

on a somewhat similar occasion. Yet, again, the fact that Sir HENRY had no more self-control than CORIOLANUS did not justify the mob which bestowed its sweet breath upon him in attempting murder. Nobody has any kind of right to attempt that; and those who collect such as do not understand this truth should be made to feel that they themselves are primarily responsible for whatever evil consequences may follow. It must not be forgotten that the demonstration mob was the aggressor. To be a mob at all is an offence from which the rest follow. It is an offence to block the streets, to the disturbance of the traffic of all London, and an offence to form a solid mass of howling rowdyism at the entry to the Park. The stamp of man who gets up demonstrations is fond of maintaining that, if the police did not interfere with him, he would cause no trouble to the police. Neither would the pickpocket; but, putting the worth of this argument aside for the moment, we beg to point out that it cuts both ways. If there were no demonstrations there would be no need to interfere with them. We think it more advisable that of the two the demonstrations should cease. The daily life of London is of more importance than the vanity of spouters, and the natural taste of larrikins for an afternoon of horseplay varied by violence. This is the real moral of last week's demonstration.

INSTRUCTIONS.

THE intense wrath of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's followers on the subject of the SPEAKER'S denunciation of instructions is no doubt very amusing. But the practical student of politics, though he never loses sight of the amusing aspect of politics, does not, or does not wisely, confine himself thereto. The question is really one of considerable importance, and though for the present it has been satisfactorily settled, it is by no means desirable that it should be settled in such a manner as to be capable of resurrection. It is, therefore, quite desirable to inquire in the first place what an instruction is, and, secondly, how far the moving of instructions has been affected by the recent alterations in procedure. It must be obvious that citations from Sir ERSKINE MAY, and precedents drawn from præcious times, are valueless on the face of them. There was in old days extremely little danger that instructions would be abused, for the simple reason that many more obvious and easier ways of obstruction existed. The original and, we think, the wise theory—unavowed, but omnipresent—of Parliamentary procedure rather tended to the facilitating of obstruction than otherwise. This theory was, that an innovation was most likely to be bad, and that, therefore, some considerable latitude was desirable in opposing it. But this was checked by the unwritten law, that a minority which was obviously and hopelessly a minority should give way after it had fought so as to save honour. Moreover, it is quite conceivable that instructions to the Committee might sometimes be very well in place, and have no obstructive tendency whatever. The wit of man must be narrow which does not perceive the possibility of a new, and perhaps a beneficial, turn being given to a measure, a turn not amounting to the nullifying of the second reading, and yet wider than or different from such alterations as might be properly introduced in new clauses or amendments to clauses in Committee. So long as both sides of the House could, even by making believe, be treated as working together for the good of the country, it would have been a grave mistake to bar the way to any means which either might take to increase that good.

It is the idlest cant to pretend that this is any longer the case. Nowhere was there or is there less love for the Closure than here. But the acceptance of the Closure, and of other curtailments of debate, by the two great parties, was equivalent to an acknowledgment that the polite fiction above described had even more of fiction in it than of politeness. So soon as it was (rightly or wrongly, for it does not matter a halfpenny which) decided that the amiable desire to "give 'em another division" must be stopped, it is clear that attempts to elude the stoppage had to be stopped likewise. And it is equally obvious that the instructions which have been offered or suggested in such numbers during the last few days were simply attempts of this kind. Sometimes they were insinuations that the Committee should do what it had no power to do, anticipations and doublings of the third

reading, or goings back on the second. Sometimes they were doublings, in the same way, of amendments which could perfectly well be proposed in Committee itself. Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. STEVENSON'S Tithe instruction, they were, though not exactly falling under either of these heads, mere attempts to put a spoke in the wheel of the Bill. Now, whether rightly or wrongly (again we say it does not matter a halfpenny which), the whole procedure of Parliament has been changed on the principle that spokes shall not be put in the wheels of Bills, that they may be directly opposed for a certain reasonable time, and that then, if there be a clear majority for them, they shall pass. But it is said, Why not leave it to the Speaker to rule instructions out? It is difficult to believe that this question has ever been honestly asked. That in no conceivable case can it be right to make the Speaker pronounce often in a manner capable of being construed as partisan is a proposition which does not admit of argument against it. And in that respect the plea of the malcontents may be said to range very fairly with their other pleas.

BETTERMENT.

THE decision of the Hybrid Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the "Strand Improvement Bill" has sent the County Council back to think out, and make an intelligible statement of, what it means by "betterment." As yet that is what nobody, least of all the County Council, knows. It is easy enough to obtain information as to what "betterment" means in the abstract, or in, what for practical purposes is the same thing, the United States. The quotation which Mr. POPE made from "DILLON on Municipal Corporations" sounds very plausible. It may be reasonable enough that property which has received particular benefits by a public improvement "in addition to those received by the community at large" should pay something extra for them. But how are these benefits to be defined, and who is to define them, and over what area are they to be looked for? If an improvement at Chiswick is particularly useful to a wharfinger at Limehouse, is he to be especially assessed? These are the questions which we should like to see settled before accepting a Bill which admits the principle of betterment. Moreover, before doing anything so serious we should like to be sure that the authority which demands to be put in possession of such an effective weapon is endowed with the clearness of head, fairness, and business faculty which would supply some guarantee that it would not be used in an intolerably erratic and tyrannical fashion. The hybrid Committee has had to come to the decision that the County Council has given no such assurance.

It has done, in fact, much the contrary. All the evidence it has produced, and the case stated for it by Mr. POPE, prove that it is in a state of confusion of mind which would alone be reason enough for declining to entrust it with formidable and ill-defined powers. One thing it does see very clearly, namely, that the loss of the coal and wine duties—by which no human being except the coal merchant has benefited in the least degree—has seriously crippled the resources available for improvements in London. Seeing this, it would fain find money to make good the loss without having recourse to a general and most unpopular increase of the rates. The magic word betterment has stirred in it the fallacious hope that by some means a carefully-selected body of individuals might be forced to provide the desired money. As they would be few and rich, it was supposed that the selfishness of the majority and the envy of the poor would allow them to be sacrificed. The calculation was artful; but happily the Council wanted the power to act on this little piece of what it probably flatters itself is Machiavellism, and was compelled to appeal to Parliament. Before the higher Court it has been compelled to make an attempt at explanation and definition—with a not uncommon result. Under cross-examination, and when compelled to stand the cold test of reducing its ideas to black and white, it has been compelled to show that it does not know what betterment really is. An excellent case for comparison had been left it by its predecessor, the Board of Works, of unhappy end. Nobody doubts that the Thames Embankment was an immense improvement, and has raised the value of the property near it. Yet to this day a great piece of the land stands inviting a purchaser to no purpose between the Temple and

the City of London Schools. The place is infinitely convenient, and yet no man hires it; for this reason mainly, if not solely, that the improvement has made the price prohibitive. Now is an improvement which has had this effect a benefit for which the neighbourhood should be called upon to pay something handsome? The County Council has found by its own experience that its improvements do not add very much to the selling value of ground in London. What is it, then, that is to be taxed? The Council should have made this much at least clear before it asked for the power to tax. Precision of idea is, however, the very last thing we should expect to get from the remarkable body which has been inflicted on us by the modern mania for ever more administration—and, we may add, by the utter indifference of Londoners. In the place of that there is a lively enough inclination to bring about sweeping changes of a so-called democratic kind; a quite definite wish to punish prosperity for being prosperous; but, happily, a quite hopeless incapacity to understand the meaning of half the words it uses, or the inevitable effects of two-thirds of what it would like to do. The incapacity might well be more mischievous than the inclination; but, happily, the powers of the Council, though much too large, are still limited. It is still compelled to come to Parliament for leave to try its little experiments. Once put to the test its natural silliness becomes apparent, and it is reduced to a state of comparative harmlessness. In the meantime the fact that the interests of Londoners should be threatened, and the time of members of Parliament wasted, by a handful of fadmongers and human parrots, is a crushing comment on the nonsense talked about the County Council before we saw it actually at work.

VICE MITCHELSTOWN SUPERANNUATED.

IT would be interesting to learn the cause of delay which occurred in bringing the "fearful crime of Cashel," to say nothing of the hardly less terrible atrocity of Tipperary, to the notice of the House of Commons. For several days before attention was actually called to it, the motion for adjournment was supposed to be impending, and on at least one night the House and the reporters' gallery were alike exercised with the false alarm that it was to be brought forward. What led to its postponement on that occasion we know not. It could hardly have been any misgiving on the part of Mr. DILLON's very obedient humble servants on the Front Opposition Bench; or, if it was, some very effective means of "taking the waver out of them"—to use the now historic phrase of a Gladstonian—must have been adopted; for not only did the official Opposition give their support to Mr. DILLON's motion, but, what is by no means an invariable practice with him as regards the obstructive debate which he otherwise abets and countenances, Mr. GLADSTONE actually lent it the aid of a peculiarly discreditable speech. No one could have known better than Mr. GLADSTONE what the so-called "conflict of evidence" between Mr. DILLON and the police amounts to. It is true that since his conversion to Parnellism he has broached the extraordinary doctrine of the irresponsibility of a Prime Minister for acts done by the Executive in the maintenance of order, and has even, if we remember rightly, gone so far as to excuse his ignorance of such acts; but, nevertheless, we can hardly suppose him to be unaware that no attempt to hold a meeting in Ireland in defiance of proclamation has ever been unattended by those charges of "brutality" and "wanton violence" which Mr. DILLON brought the other night against the police. The explanation of their origin is very simple, and was indeed supplied, with unintentional good faith, in the "victim's" own account of the matter. What almost invariably happens in such cases, and what certainly did happen in the present case, is this. The gentlemen who wish to distinguish themselves by "protesting" against the prohibition of the meeting assemble in a little knot in the centre of some open space—public square, market place, or what not—while the people who were to have formed the meeting hang about the outskirts of the area, in such groups, or such a continuous "ring," as the police may temporarily allow them to form. Then the officers in command of the police go up and remonstrate with the little knot of agitators, and while they are doing so the ring begin to pelt the Constabulary with stones. Upon this the order is very naturally and properly given to clear the square. And as clearing the square

implies the removal from it, not only of the gentlemen in frieze who form the outer circle, but of the gentlemen in broadcloth who occupy its centre, it is not always possible for the police to observe those respectful distinctions in their treatment of the two parties on which no one insists more rigidly, and by disregard of which no one is more shocked and scandalized, than the Irish patriot—unless, indeed, it be the English Radical. If Mr. DILLON, therefore, and his friends had accidentally come in for a little of the rough usage that the rank and file of their followers are pretty sure to experience in the course of being dispersed—a process which has not yet attained to the perfection of a fine art—they would have had small reason to complain. A musty old proverb concerning “bowls” and “rubbers” would, indeed, have met all the critical requirements of the case. Seeing, however, that by Mr. DILLON’s own account neither he nor any of his party were struck, and that the worst outrage which he can allege is that his sacred arm was grasped in what he considered an unceremonious manner by a constable, it might certainly have been thought that this particular charge against the police would be recognized as too absurd and trumpery to deserve any sponsorship from the official Opposition.

Not thus, however, was it viewed by Mr. GLADSTONE. His idea evidently was to “let everything go in,” and he accordingly lumped in this ridiculous complaint of the indignities offered to Mr. DILLON and his friends with the equally unfounded, but much less excusable, because transparently groundless, accusation against the police of having displayed wanton and gratuitous violence in dispersing the crowd. Indeed, the personal wrongs of Mr. DILLON can hardly any longer be insisted on by either Gladstonian or Parnellite in face of the extraordinary uncertainty which, as Mr. BALFOUR satirically pointed out at St. James’s Hall the other night, appears to prevail among the Opposition as to what the grievance of the Parnellite agitators in Tipperary precisely is. Until they can make up their minds whether the cowardice of the Irish Executive and the Chief Secretary were shown, as Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O’BRIEN think they were, by the instructions given to the police to “spare the Irish members who went to Tipperary” to take part in an illegal meeting, or whether the proof of this ignoble quality is to be sought, as Mr. HENRY FOWLER thinks, in the fact that the Chief Secretary “gave special orders to the police to outrage and insult ‘the Irish members’”—until, we say, an understanding is arrived at as to which of these two is the real ground of complaint, we may exclude these personal grievances from the case. Nor would it much matter whether Mr. GLADSTONE adopted the theory of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O’BRIEN with respect to the question or that of Mr. FOWLER. It is a far more serious thing that he should lend his countenance to the general charges of misconduct against the Irish police, who, there is every reason to believe, displayed their usual steadiness and forbearance; and that, with all his experience of the work of governing Ireland, and of the perpetual storm of mendacious slander to which that work exposes every one who takes part in it, from the Chief Secretary down to the Constabulary private, he should pretend to think that whenever any Parnellite agitator chooses to accuse the police of such utterly improbable acts of misbehaviour as drawing bâtons and charging without orders, knocking down flying men, and so forth, a “public inquiry” ought at once to be granted by the Government. We may excuse the gullibility in such a matter of an unsophisticated child of nature like Captain BETHELL; but Mr. GLADSTONE has not the same simplicity to plead. As the Prime Minister who suppressed forty-five public meetings in Ireland, and who has had plenty of experience of violent scenes arising out of resistance to the exercise of the Executive authority in Ireland, he knows quite well what an outcry against police brutality in these cases is really worth. And, if only as a colleague of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT’s, he ought to have shrunk in horror, we should have thought, from the attempt—half-hearted though it undoubtedly was—to make light of that throwing of explosives, so playfully described as squibs by Mr. DILLON, which forms a new and sinister feature of street disturbance in Ireland.

It must be ascribed, we suppose, to the strange attraction which the least creditable side of an Irish grievance seems now to possess for Mr. GLADSTONE, that he should have preferred attacking the action of the police in dispersing the crowd at Tipperary to challenging the policy of the Chief Secretary in proclaiming the meeting. But perhaps

Mr. GLADSTONE may have known that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was to follow on the same side, and may have preferred to leave this part of the case to him. Sir GEORGE, as Mr. BALFOUR aptly pointed out in his subsequent speech at St. James’s Hall, compares unfavourably with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, so far, at least, as the art of self-knowledge is concerned, in this—that, while the latter cherishes no delusions on the subject of his political consistency, the former has persuaded himself, and wears the world by his perpetual attempts to persuade others, that the obsequious advocate of disorder and defiance to law in 1890 has not varied by a hair’s-breadth from the principles of the Minister who so vigorously enforced the provisions of a much more stringent “Coercion Act” than the present in the years 1882–84. If his rising, in one sense of the word, was not premeditated, it was in another sense inevitable, after the fly so deftly thrown by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL in his reference to the memorable meeting at Dromore, one of the incidents of Sir GEORGE’s administration which never fails to elicit a defence of the policy which “Lord SPENCER and I” pursued in Ireland. And, of course, the fact that “Lord SPENCER and I” between us proclaimed forty-five meetings in Ireland in the space of about two years lends especial interest to an attempt on the part of “I” to prove that Mr. BALFOUR is the determined foe of that legitimate freedom of speech which his Gladstonian predecessor of six years ago so steadily upheld. Sir GEORGE’s method of argumentative procedure is, however, a most singular one; and even to impartial critics who have long ceased to interest themselves in these desperate attempts to reconcile those two irreconcilable politicians of 1884 and 1890 whose heads are both covered when Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN puts on his hat, it certainly appears as if the line taken by him the other night was as unsuited to the exigencies of his own case as it must have been embarrassing to that of his Irish allies. In Tipperary, in Donegal, and in other parts of the country there was a state of terrible discontent, of something like hopeless despair, and of absolute mistrust of the Executive Government. For those three feelings what outlet was there except free speech? Lord SPENCER, however, and on other occasions Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, have hitherto been accustomed to give the statement referred to above as a precise description of Ireland in 1882–84, and to plead it as their own excuse for proclaiming meetings. The discontent of the people and their mistrust of the Executive Government compelled the Viceroy and Chief Secretary of that day to restrict their right of inflaming each other’s passions by hearing and applauding incendiary oratory. And it was because that state of things has been so wholly changed—by the Union of Hearts and other like agencies—that Mr. BALFOUR’s policy, Lord SPENCER and his Chief Secretary used to argue, was so utterly indefensible. Which, indeed, is the “case” to this day of Mr. DILLON and Mr. O’BRIEN, with whom we may leave Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to settle accounts.

THE SAVINGS BANKS BILL.

THE members of Parliament who formed the deputation to Mr. GOSCHEN on Wednesday must have a somewhat unexpected confidence in the power of the Ministry to carry all its Bills. They came to ask Mr. GOSCHEN to modify a measure which has not at this late period of the Session got as far as its second reading. It would appear that they entertain hopes of getting it through in the press. One thing is at least certain, that the best chance it will not be lost does lie exactly in an arrangement between the Minister who has charge of it and those members who would be likely to offer it opposition. The measure is the Savings Banks Bill, which was drafted on the recommendation of Sir HERON MAXWELL’s Committee, was promised by the Ministry at the beginning of the Session, but has been lost sight of. As it is a very useful, and even very necessary, piece of legislation, it is to be hoped that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the deputation will between them remove any obstacles in its course.

It would seem that, in spite of ample previous discussion, the Bill has not been so drafted as to avoid frightening, and even offending, the managers of many of these banks. To judge from the statement of their case by Sir A. ROLLIT, the banks were certain to be offended. He began by pointing out that the proposed Bill placed undue restrictions on the better class of banks. It seems to us that some difficulty of this kind could hardly have been avoided. When



it is necessary to put any body of businesses under an exceptionally strict supervision because a certain proportion of them have behaved badly, the respectable members cannot hope to escape an amount of watching which is really unnecessary in their case. But how is a distinction to be made? This is precisely the difficulty which arose when attempts were made to stop the malpractices of the lower kind of shipowners. It was impossible to get at them without appearing to class them with persons in the same line of trade whose conduct was above reproach. Parliament cannot pass Acts to control only badly-behaved savings banks or shipowners, because it is impossible to get a test which will at once separate the sheep from the goats. One complaint made by the deputation brought out the extreme delicacy of the task Mr. GOSCHEN has to fulfil. It was to the effect that the clause in the Bill which provides that the pass-books of all banks shall in future contain a notice that Government is not responsible is unnecessary and injurious. But it is not unnecessary; for there has been a vague belief hitherto that Government is in some way responsible, and it can only be injurious to those banks which had profited by the mistake. Mr. GOSCHEN promised to replace this notice by another to the effect that Government will only be responsible for money deposited with the National Debt Commission. This, however, will practically be the same thing; for it limits the responsibility of Government to its always undeniable liability to pay its debts. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who is obviously anxious to conciliate all opposition, promised to allow the banks a very ample share of representation on the Committee which is to be formed for the supervision of all of them. The Committee will have a difficult task to please all parties; nor do we much hope that any concession Mr. GOSCHEN shows himself disposed to make will conciliate opposition. Clause 10, for instance, of the Bill can hardly be made acceptable to the banks represented in the deputation by any modification which does not alter it altogether. It is designed to take from the banks their power of investing their surplus funds. Many of them have done so relying on the Act of 1863, and have created a considerable business; and have thereby, as Sir ALBERT ROLLIT maintains, "cultivated the saving habits of the 'poor.'" They have, in fact, done banking business, and those of them which are well managed have done it with success. Mr. GOSCHEN himself acknowledges that he cannot at once sweep away a large established business. But then many of the savings banks have not invested with judgment, and the Bill is to be passed to control them. The difficulty is just to know how one class of bank is to be taken and the other left. Mr. GOSCHEN promises to so modify his Bill as to leave the banks the liberty they already enjoy under certain restrictions. One of these restrictions, however, is that the savings banks must not be started to carry on general business. It seems to us that it is just upon this point that all legislation is likely to fail. Banks which are not allowed to be banks except in name will always be risky concerns. Interference in this respect must necessarily be hurtful to the really healthy ones, while the others are not worth keeping alive by laborious coddling on the part of the State. The misfortune is that so much money and more than money is at stake, that the State cannot help "coddling" out of fear of the probable consequences of a panic. The best result Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill can have will be, perhaps, to forward the gradual extinction of the savings bank in its present form. It would be altogether better if the poor had to choose between putting their money into the Post Office Savings Bank, where it is safe, or conducting their investments on ordinary business principles.

MR. BALFOUR ON DEMOCRACY.

THERE is so much matter in the speech which Mr. BALFOUR addressed the other day to the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations that it would need greater space than we have at our disposal to do it justice. The particular passages, however, which most prominently single themselves out for notice—the more particularly, perhaps, as they have provoked a certain amount of vastly silly comment in certain quarters of the Radical press—are those relating to the future electoral campaign. "Mr. BALFOUR declared himself a

"Democrat" is the sapient observation of more than one Gladstonian journalist who would probably hesitate before penning, whether as a piece of "latest intelligence," or as a brilliant critical *aperçu*, the following proposition:—"Mr. BALFOUR admitted the fact that household suffrage had been established in boroughs by the Reform Act of 1867, 'and extended to the counties by the legislation of 1884.'" For it is hardly necessary to say, of course, that this is the exact equivalent of what is called "Mr. BALFOUR's profession of faith." A democracy, as he puts it, "is merely one method among many of organizing for collective action the forces of the community which exist. It is very often good for some conditions of society, while it is bad for other conditions of society, and in my own personal belief, which I avow without hesitation and without shame, at the present stage of the evolution of the English community democracy is not only the safest, but is the most Conservative form of government possible, and holding that view and using the word democracy in the sense in which I have used it, and which, in my opinion, is the only proper one, I frankly proclaim myself a Democrat."

We do not know that any just exception can be taken to this way of stating the case, or that it contains anything to which we will say not merely a sensible Conservative, but a sensible Tory of the oldest old-fashioned type—not being a man who proposes to retire from political life altogether—need hesitate to subscribe. There was scarcely any occasion, perhaps, to insist on the point that democracy is the "most Conservative form of government now possible"; for the proposition, so far as it is true, is something of a truism, and is capable of being interpreted in a sense in which Mr. BALFOUR did not, of course, intend it, and in which it is not true at all. When a particular form of government is the only one possible without a revolution, it is superfluous to describe it as "the most Conservative"; and it is only in this sense that we can agree with Mr. BALFOUR. Others may understand him to mean that the natural tendencies of a democracy, or of this particular democracy, are in the direction of Conservatism, and that the most Conservative policy is to allow them the freest possible play. This is a proposition which has played a frequent part in the political deliverances of those who wish to ride the two horses of Radicalism and Conservatism at once, under whatever name or synonym of Tory democracy they may think most likely to catch the fancy of the unthinking; but no attempt has ever been made to apply the principle in question without leading to an exposure of its essential fatuity and danger. We do not, as we have said, ascribe to Mr. BALFOUR any intention whatever of encouraging this principle; we merely call attention to a point in which his language may possibly be misunderstood. For the rest, the discourse on democracy which occupied this portion of his recent speech was a most sound and wholesome homily to his party on the duty, not merely of accepting, but of loyally accepting, the unescapable conditions under which all politics in the country must be carried on, and of doing their utmost, by active political and politico-educational work among the electorate, to guide that electorate in the way in which it should go.

HAWKS AND PIGEONS.

MOST people will probably think that Mr. HEATH has been exceedingly fortunate in the amount of the damages which he recovered on Monday from the proprietor of a newspaper called the *Hawk*. It seems that the *Hawk* has been hovering over the town for two years and a half, and that this is only the second successful action brought against it for libel. The first time the sum recovered by the plaintiff was twenty-five pounds. This time it is seven hundred and fifty. The present plaintiff is a "Volunteer Major," and also, as would appear from his evidence, a volunteer promoter of Companies. He has been, he says, connected with the Automatic Fireproof Curtain Company, the Cornwall and Devon Dairy Company, the Uniform and Equipment Company, the Tramway Supply Syndicate (for silent rails), the Torpedo Outrigger Company, and various others. Who would not like to live in the land of automatic curtains and silent rails? Torpedo outriggers are not equally enticing; but uniforms and equipments have, in Mr. HEATH's experience, the singular advantage of paying. "The Uniform Company was the only one for which he claimed any substantial success." The phrase is curious,

and, perhaps, a little ambiguous. The Company must either have substantially succeeded or not, and the existence of the fact can hardly be a subject for a "claim." "What are you?" asked Lord ELLENBOROUGH, of a rather disreputable-looking witness. "My Lord, I employ myself as a surgeon." "Does anybody else employ you as a surgeon?" blandly inquired the Chief Justice. It is not stated whether Mr. HEATH's claim is endorsed by any of the other persons interested in the concern. At all events, uniforms and equipments did not suffice to satisfy Mr. HEATH's ambition. So he started the Miniature Target Company, out of which these proceedings arose. This Company had a military Board, with Sir WILLIAM MCMURDO at its head. The project was genially described by the *Hawk* as "about the worst attempt at gulling the public into putting money into an 'unblushingly rotten scheme.'" Mr. Justice GRANTHAM held that this allegation was not made out, and the jury have come to a similar conclusion. Certainly the terms as specified by the plaintiff himself are neither extortionate nor extraordinary, and the professed objects of the Company, whatever may be their value, were also its real objects.

The fact is that there was a rival inventor in the field, and that the paragraph in the *Hawk* was written in the interest, if not due to the inspiration, of Mr. RICHARD MORRIS. The second sentence of the libel lets the cat out of the bag—a very large cat out of a very small bag. "In face of the facts that he does not propose to do anything 'that the Morris Tube and Ammunition Company have not already done, and that the last-named Company has not been a financial success, it is something worse than cool 'for Major HEATH to ask investors to give him 15,000*l.* 'for what he has the impudence to call 'inventions.'" The jury, fortunately for themselves, were not required authoritatively to determine who invented the miniature target, the action being brought for the publication of a libel, and not for the infringement of a patent. But it was proved that, at the Wimbledon Meeting of 1887, Mr. HEATH exhibited his models, and Mr. MORRIS wrote across the placards, "These are my inventions.—RICHARD MORRIS." This naturally attracted the notice of the military authorities, who threatened to turn Mr. MORRIS out of the camp if he did it again. One sympathizes with Mr. MORRIS if his patent was really infringed. But such performances are repugnant to discipline, and detrimental to manners. That Mr. MORRIS has some ground for complaint may be gathered from the suspension of HEATH's Company in consequence of remonstrances from the Secretary of the MORRIS Company. Nor is the testimony of Colonel MCKINNON, Chief Musketry Inspector at Hythe, altogether favourable to Mr. HEATH's position. Colonel MCKINNON swore, in the first place, that, having compared MORRIS's specifications with HEATH's, he could find no difference between them. He also said, and this, from a practical point of view, is more important still, that, if a marker used HEATH's "mantlet," he would either be unable to see, or might at any moment be shot himself through a glass panel. All things considered, Mr. HEATH must be admitted to have come out of the trial quite as well as could have been expected. The judge expressly exonerated the defendant from any malicious motive, of which, indeed, there was no evidence. The libel was intemperately written, and the justification was not proved to the satisfaction of the jury. But the report is not likely to improve the prospects of the Miniature Target Company.

AUTUMN SESSION OR NEW RULE?

ONE result of the meeting of the Conservative party at the Carlton Club is of so eminently encouraging a character that its less satisfactory incidents may, by comparison, be almost disregarded. The difference of opinion which manifested itself among Lord SALISBURY's followers with regard to the means to be adopted for carrying out the legislative programme of the Session is of far less importance than the hearty unanimity of their resolve to support Ministers in maintaining that programme in its integrity. We do not say, of course, that the difference in question is one of no moment; on the contrary, it creates in itself a difficulty by no means to be lightly accounted. But the very fact that it does so renders it all the more gratifying to find that there is no disposition to cut the knot of this embarrassment by the simple expedient of abandoning one or other of the principal Ministerial measures. Those who are in favour of holding an autumn

Session for the purpose of passing them are no less firmly determined than those who wish to take powers to suspend one or more of them till next Session that passed they shall be. And we may depend upon it that the loudly expressed exultation of the Gladstonians at what they call the "division" among their opponents as to the best means of defeating obstruction is far less genuine and heartfelt than their chagrin at the discovery that, by one means or the other, that defeat is now certain to be accomplished. If the Government bring forward their proposal for the carrying over of incomplete legislation from one Session to another, it will, no doubt, give rise to a violent, if not very protracted, wrangle in the House of Commons. If, on the other hand, they determine to hold an Autumn Session, then they will have to encounter a certain amount of obstruction now, and a further amount in October. But, at the end of it all, either in the present year or before Easter of 1891, the Obstructionists will find that their labours have been fruitless, and that the measures which the Government undertook to pass have taken their place intact and un mutilated on the Statute-Book.

This, as we say, is the main thing; and, for our own part, we do not consider that the inconvenience of an Autumn Session is an excessive price to pay for it, whatever may be said of the adoption of an innovation which cannot but be attended with some uncertainty of result. Regarded, however, on their own merits, we cannot pretend to be much enamoured of either expedient. An Autumn Session, except for the purpose of providing for some wholly unforeseen or exceptional necessity of legislation, is the worst of all possible precedents. It virtually gives notice to Obstruction that, if it cannot prevent Governments from realizing their legislative programme, it can count on compelling them to submit, and to subject their followers to extraordinary inconveniences for its realization. It is worth a good deal, in our opinion, to avoid presenting Mr. LABOUCHERE and his secret abettors on the Front Opposition Bench with this disastrous acknowledgment; and this, we say, while not denying that the particular plan by which Ministers propose to avoid this is open to some objections which it has provoked in some quarters. No one, we presume, is likely to credit us with an insatiable appetite for legislation; and we are quite prepared to admit that any change which should make it easier either for governments or private members to multiply the number of new Acts of Parliament *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* would be a public misfortune. Still it might be easy and, indeed, obviously proper to limit the proposed privilege of carrying over uncompleted Bills to the case of such measures as the House should specially select; and this would dispose of Mr. JAMES LOWTHER's objection that the Ministerial plan would strengthen the hands of the faddist. The faddist, if he managed to smuggle his fad through a second reading, would hardly succeed in getting the House to pronounce "by resolution" in favour of "treating it as 'suspended.'" There remains the objection that it would increase the power of a Radical Government to force obnoxious legislation through the House of Commons; but this objection, however theoretically plausible, will hardly stand the test of examination by the light of experience and fact. We suspect that those who will take the trouble to look back and review the history of past legislation will find a difficulty in discovering any instances of a Radical Government failing to carry any of its most questionable measures under the present system, either through lack of time or persistency of opposition, or both; and the new rule, therefore, would not appear likely to enlarge facilities which they possess in too great abundance already. We admit, however, that the Ministerial proposal has not yet received the amount of discussion which it deserves, and it is, no doubt, probable, that other objections to it may reveal themselves.

UN ENFANT FIN DE SIÈCLE.

JE connais un jeune garçon
Qui de la plus docte façon,
Plein de science sémitique,
S'est fait maître en haute critique,
Et rend à chaque auteur sa part
D'après les règles de cet art,
Suivant exactement la piste
Du vieux et du jeune Elohist.

Il dit : J'ai crânement lavé
La tête à messire Jahvé.
Voulez-vous une foi nouvelle ?
Je vais vous en faire une belle.
— Je raconte donc, entre amis,
De mon bonhomme les devis.
L'un de crier : Horreur ! blasphème !
Un archange en deviendrait blême.
— Un autre : O grand et saint Progrès !
Ce cher enfant te voit de près.
— Je crois pourtant qu'on exagère
En prenant gravement l'affaire,
Car m'est avis que l'Eternel,
Juge à nous tous et sans appel,
Ayant au fond, soit dit sans schisme,
Pas mal de pantagruélisme,
Ne s'occupe de telle gent
Que pour en rire énormément.
Aussi ce garçon, je m'assure,
N'est pas perdu dans la nature,
Et puisqu'aux yeux de l'Infini
Rien n'est trop grand ni trop petit,
Les gloses que tant il estime
Ont peut-être une part minime
Dans ce franc rire du bon Dieu
Que l'homme appelle le ciel bleu.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

MUSSELBURGH.

IN size Musselburgh is by far the smallest of great greens. As a past and present centre of golf, as a training-ground for amateur and professional alike, and by reason of the field it produces on medal and championship days, it is by far the greatest of small greens and second only to St. Andrews itself. But it is a sorely-trying little links. Behind the first teeing-ground stand three substantial club-houses, whose members are quite sufficient to fill the nine holes without extraneous assistance. But many more there are who come with clubs (though not from Clubland) to claim their rights on this too public green. The amount of play which goes on in the winter months is a wonderful and a fearful thing. Those who decry Musselburgh (and it is not so popular as it is populous) should beware of ingratitude, remembering that, if it had not been dowered with a soil too rich and a grass too coarse for the golfer's ideal, it would long ere this have ceased to be a joy for ever; a thing of beauty it never was nor can be. Wags from St. Andrews and elsewhere may sneer at it for a mud-patch, and insinuate that you cannot see the grass for worm-casts; and they of Musselburgh must make what answer they can. This they can say, that, if its fair face is scarred by the multitudinous cleek beyond all other greens, and if its putting-greens are neither so large nor so smooth as the heart of man could desire, still there is no green in the world which is better adapted for a crucial test of all-round merit; no green where power and accuracy are more fairly handicapped (at North Berwick long driving counts for too little, at Prestwick and Sandwich for rather too much); and no green which, while it presents a goodly number of legitimate and excellent hazards, is more free from those annoying little trap bunkers, which may or may not catch a misdirected shot, just as luck serves. How true the golf is may be seen from Willie Park's figures in the last Open Championship, three thirty-eights and a thirty-nine, when he tied with Kirkaldy of St. Andrews in a record score of 155.

The largest and best known of the clubs is the Honourable and Ancient Company of Edinburgh Golfers, whose minutes are preserved from 1774, but whose origin is prehistoric. It is an imposing and somewhat solemn name. Cricketers of to-day call themselves Harlequins or I Zingari, or by some such light title. Not so the golfer of old. He revered himself because he revered the game he played, and gave himself a suitably serious designation. On the active list of the Honourable Company are to be found the names of Mure, Tod, Balfour, Stuart, and Laidlay; all players well known to fame. Nor are the other clubs—the Burgess and Musselburgh—without their stars, of whom Mr. A. M. Ross, the Burgess crack, is of the first magnitude. If a team of ten were picked from the three clubs to challenge the amateur world, the opposing force would have to be carefully selected if it was meant to win.

It is now, perhaps, time to get on the green; but the start at Musselburgh is often a matter of some little time. On a crowded Saturday it is apt to be rather disorderly work, and the best way is to leave it to your caddie to persuade everybody else's caddie that it is your turn to play. *Par parenthèse*, the Musselburgh caddie is out and away the best in the world, and the dearest; generally a good player, and as often as not a very fine one. Do not listen to what he says, for you may not be able to endorse it all; but rough justice is generally done. Once an impetuous Irishman, feeling himself aggrieved, struck off in defiance of popular opinion. Instantly the sky was dark with guttapercha, and there were fifteen couples playing the first hole simultaneously. When it is your turn to play you will see that there is

a small bunker in the line of fire, but too far, as a rule, to carry. A medallist of Musselburgh told us he had been in it every medal day for the last ten years; he said so on the last medal day of the tenth year, and he certainly was in it then. Of the rest we know nothing. If you succeed in steering a little to one side of it, another shot will carry over the bunkers on to the putting-green, known, from its hummocks, as the graves; and if you do the hole in four you may be thankful—it is a tricky green. The second hole is the hardest on Musselburgh, as difficult and dangerous as may be found anywhere. Willie Fernie registered a ten for it the day he won the championship. Two bunker ranges cross the line—one a cleek shot from the tee, and the other a cleek shot further on—leaving but the width of a racecourse (for the Lothians Racing Club have their course over these links) between them and the high road, which skirts the whole southern side. To carry the Linkfield bunker, the first range, in one requires a very long and daring drive at most times and is often quite impossible; the open path down the racecourse, which must be taken at an angle, is desperately difficult; but, unless you get well past in one, the same dangers attend your second shot. Once safely beyond the Barricade bunker, peril is over, and three more should be sufficient; but many of the best players play twice short, and content themselves with six. Five is an excellent score, and every one is glad to get it; but Mr. A. M. Ross once had the luck and skill to do it in three each round for his Club medal. The third, hight Mrs. Foreman's—a tavern whither the clubless, not cleekless, fraternity repair—is another fine hole. A drive, it should be a straight one, lays you on good grass; a second carries you over the bunkers nearly up, where a rather difficult chip awaits you. If it comes off it will give you a "look at four"; if not, you may still have to play to get a five. A good many years ago Lord Moncrieff and Mr. Crawford, playing as adversaries in a four-some, finished by each holing a full shot played for the green. It used to be an article of faith among the caddies that they were entitled to a bottle of whisky if their employer held a short hole in one; upon this tariff a nine-gallon cask might have made a suitable penalty for such an amazing fluke. Then you turn north and strike for the Sea hole—a short one guarded by a small bunker generally just too far to carry; a really good shot will give you a chance of three, but there is sorrow in store for those who top or heel. This hole was lately the scene of a curious accident. Mr. Maitland, having the honour from Mr. Norman Mitchell Innes, struck off a bad shot and lay bunkered in a nasty place just over the racecourse to the left. His adversary hit a drive so similar that his ball lofted on Mr. Maitland's, knocked it out of the hazard, and lay bunkered in its place. It was almost ungenerous of the lucky one to win the hole. Now wheel westwards and homewards, and boldly strike over Pandemonium. "Hell, my brethren, is a very large place," declared from his pulpit a divine well known on these links; and so, too, is Pandemonium. Yet, though a place of torment for evil-doers who top and fizzle, for the virtuous it has not many terrors; even very moderate drivers are sure of salvation if they can but do their best. We know good old golfers who use sand-iron and baffle to this day, and who did till very recently wear tall hats on the green; but the golfer who is honourable and ancient enough to call this dread place Pandemonium, alas! we do not know. A generation of sceptics has shortened the word to Pandy, and robbed it of half its terrors; perhaps with a view of teaching themselves to face them without fear. And so what was once a symbol is now a mere bunker; and after you have carried it, a drive or cleek shot, as may be, will bring you to the foot of the low bank on which the hole is placed. You dare not, if you might, be full up in two, for immediately behind lies the Barricade, wherein to finish is one of the ways to lose a medal, and not the least annoying. A good putt from the foot of the hill will give you a four; but if your second is at all off the line the angle makes that good putt hard to play. The next hole, the Bathing Coach, is a good length, but uneventful, though there are bunkers, and the "greedy sea" lies ever on the right; if you take nine to do it twice, it is well done. And now you may consider your position, for the worst is past. The three following holes should be done with good play in ten or eleven at most; 3, 4, 3 are the right figures. The drive at the eighth or Gas Hole has possibilities of grief, and the putting-green is treacherous; the last hole, a cleek shot, contains a small built-up bunker, which has spoiled some medal scores. Here the curious, but not so very rare, feat of driving into a spectator's pocket has been accomplished; and here, too, as in other places, the misappropriator of another's guttapercha has stood unconscious of the theft, and even assisted in the search.

The lowest record for four consecutive rounds is 155 in the tie between Park and Kirkaldy in the championship meeting of 1889. Mr. Laidlay in a private match has done two rounds in 72, 34, and 38, the detailed figures of the first being 5, 5, 5, 3, 4, 3, 3, 3; as a boy he did a strange round of 36, every hole in four; we have seen him do nine consecutive holes in 33, but the score was counted from the second hole. Willie Park has done 33 in a private match; Mr. De Zoete, a player not practised on Musselburgh, and though good, at no time in the first flight, has likewise accomplished 33, though not over the usual round, but another arrangement of the holes, known as the figure-of-eight course. His score, which comprised six 3's and three 5's, is the more remarkable, as on this round there is no really easy three, and only one hole which first-class and successful play will not make sure of in four.

Musselburgh is a great school of professional golf. In the Open Championship, played annually in rotation over one of three greens, Fergusson has been three times, Park twice, and Brown and Burns once, returned the winner in recent years. And most of these professors are very good fellows; and more good fellows from Musselburgh than from any other place go away to take charge of new links.

We leave the subject and the place with regret. It is not a beautiful spot; indeed, unless the weather is bright and the Fife coast clear, it is an ugly one. But if you visit it, you can play as good golf there as anywhere else, and see more good golf than in most places; and if you play with a member of the Honourable Company, he will give you as excellent a lunch as golfer has yet succeeded in deserving. Is not the name of Fitzjohn known throughout the Lothians?

NERVES.—THE DALY COMPANY.

SO rarely is any literary tone imparted to the adaptation of a French farce that Mr. Comyns Carr's version of MM. Blum and Toché's *Les Femmes Nerveuses*, which has qualities of the kind indicated, deserves special recognition. *Nerves*, as Mr. Carr calls his piece, is distinctly well written—though, by the way, it may be observed that the title is not very apt, because it is little suggestive of the scope and bearing of the play. For this, however, the French authors are responsible; the truth doubtless being that the sketch they originally suggested was not big enough to fill the canvas. It is conceivable that women exist who are almost as irritating as Mrs. Armitage in this piece, and they are peculiarly suitable objects of satire; but when the authors have shown us a few specimens of the distressing variety, they have to beat about for material to make a play. Even a farce may be a work of art, but it must be consistent with itself in order to become so. Mrs. Armitage, for instance, is, since MM. Blum and Toché will have it so, a *femme nerveuse*. Nothing pleases her; everything is wrong. Her husband's cheerfulness annoys her, just as his sulkiness would if he were sulky; she orders a dish for luncheon, and is angry with the servant for not knowing that when she said one thing she meant another; she is as contradictory as Katherine to a husband who is by no means a Petruchio. But if such a woman as Mrs. Armitage is introduced we ought to see how her weaknesses and follies recoil on herself, the study should be maintained until the reformation is effected; here she loses her characteristics at the end of the first act. So it is with the rest. They are distinctly outlined in the first act, and the outlines are fresh and cleverly drawn; but in the two following acts they become indistinct. There remains an amusing play, though the critic may perceive the lack of artistic design, balanced and preserved.

The admixture of farce and comedy is a possible source of weakness. As for the *femmes nerveuses* themselves, they are creations of comedy who in the hands of a master might have been made as genuine in their humble way as the Cathos and Madelon of the *Précieuses Ridicules*—that is to say, the play might shoot, or at any rate aim at, folly as she flies, and satirize a passing phase of feminine absurdity; but here personages of comedy are placed in the positions of farce, and incongruity arises. It is good enough farce to make a discontented wife in search of excitement write a foolish letter to a man whose name she selects at random from the Post Office Directory as Mrs. Armitage does; and it is well that a timid little French confectioner like Hippolyte Caramel should be introduced into the imbroglio. So, too, to make Caramel—a "retail lady-killer" he is called, and the term describes him well—suppose that Armitage is the husband of the "widow *pro tem*," Zephyr Elaine, a milliner, whom the retail lady-killer has fascinated, is a good groundwork for fun, the more so as perplexities arise from the circumstance that Mrs. Armitage's foolish letter addressed to Caramel was never sent; but the eccentricities of the *femmes nerveuses* are a little casually touched.

The piece is suitably acted. Mr. Hawtreys has a method of his own which is decidedly effective. There is much art in his quiet way of making his points; he is particularly natural and easy, and at the same time misses nothing that is essential. For one thing, Mr. Hawtreys has the wit precisely to gauge his own strength. He does not give us confidence that he could do much more than he undertakes; but within certain modest limits he is very good indeed. Mr. H. Kemble finds little opportunity as Buxom Brittle, father of Mrs. Armitage, and victim of a wife with a domineering temper and quite a little genius for making mischief and rendering herself offensive—a part well filled by Miss Sophie Larkin. Mr. Kemble, however, it should be said, does all that is possible; but Mr. Righton, a comedian of lower range, does not rise above the conventionalities of the usual stage Frenchman. Miss Maude Millett is becoming an actress, and indicates neatly enough the contradictory ways and chronic dissatisfaction of Mrs. Armitage, who suffers much from the want of any remotely reasonable ground for complaint. Miss Lottie Venne adapts herself well to the requirements of Mme. Zephyr Elaine; and a very clever sketch of a maid-servant is supplied by Miss Lydia Cowell, an actress of much ability, who does not appear to be provided by managers with chances of which past experience shows she would make much. It may be that we have

examined this little play somewhat too critically, for it completely answers its purpose and makes the audience laugh; and to do that is to do much.

Mr. Augustin Daly's company has returned to London, to the satisfaction of all who appreciate their admirable art, which is equivalent to saying of all who appreciate the art of acting. It is a nice question to what extent these comedians are fitted with characters by their director, who adapts the pieces in which they play, and to what extent they adapt themselves to the characters provided for them; but no one can fail to recognize the excellence of the result. *Casting the Boomerang*, in which the company made its first appearance—this time they are at the Lyceum Theatre—is an adaptation from the German, with certainly no trace whatever of the original nationality. As it stands it is entirely American—with a few changes it might be made entirely English—but it is a very diverting little play, and if lacking in plot, this is compensated by the well-contrasted characters, interpreted as they are with singular skill. We know the sort of part which fits each member of the little association, and here it is exactly provided. An uninstructed visitor who knew nothing of Franz von Schonthan might well suppose that the piece was written specially for Mr. Daly's followers. Here is Mr. James Lewis, as a quiet old gentleman, placidly settled down in the country, and content with his eventless existence till his time comes for "casting the boomerang"—that is to say, for performing an act of folly which will recoil on his own head; this folly being to visit New York, and, beguiled by a subtle rogue who makes capital out of the vanity of the amateur author, attempt a literary career—which involves the study of life in several of its questionable aspects. Mr. Lewis, with his dry humour and sly sense of fun, is fitted like a glove with the part of Launcelot Bargiss, and no less to the purpose is the performance of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as his wife, somewhat acidulated in manner but not unkindly at heart. Mr. John Drew, again, is essential to the success of a Daly play. Something would be missing if he were not present to represent a well-dressed man of the world, shrewd and sensible, witty and humorous, and withal in love with the heroine—none other, of course, than Miss Ada Rehan, whose art, so notable for its curious restraint and delicacy, is peculiar to herself. Always natural and always delightful, the manner in which Flos Bargiss fascinates her lover fascinates the audience also.

The love-scene of the third act is a little triumph of point, neatness, and dexterity; the girlish whims are so true, the suggested undercurrent of sincerity is so womanly. Flos is in love, but she cherishes just a shade of girlish resentment against, or at any rate is a little vexed with, an adorer who, in spite of his admiration, perceives her little faults, and disapproves, for instance, of her method of spelling "vinegar" with an "e" instead of an "a." A slight piquancy is thus lent to the flirtation; but, in fact, there are here only a few very trifling obstacles in the course of true love. Without any detriment to actresses of other nations who are both charming and clever, it may certainly be said of Miss Rehan that her individuality is very strikingly marked, and we can well imagine her admirers saying, with Racine:—

Je ne trouve qu'en vous je ne sais quelle grâce,
Qui me charme toujours et jamais ne me lasse.

Paul Hollyhock, played by Mr. George Clarke, is a rougher sketch than some of the others. The young husband, wholly devoted to his farm, and believing that his wife can have no higher aspiration than to mix medicine for the cattle and discuss the growth of the crops, is too crudely drawn; and Miss Adelaide Prince, as his wife, is pleasant, but somewhat colourless. Their reconciliation after a quarrel is exaggerated. Mr. Charles Leclercq, again, as Professor Gasleigh, Mr. Bargiss's literary adviser, is almost too palpable an impostor; we would have him just a little more plausible. Mr. Frederick Bond is an actor whom we do not remember; but he shows an apt appreciation of eccentric comedy as Signor Palmiro Tamborini, an Italian *maitre de ballet*, commissioned by an English lord to find the original of a portrait—that, not of Flos Bargiss, but of her very fascinating dog, who was painted with her. Mr. Bond's gesture and pantomime are very expressive. Miss Cheatham makes the trimmest of maids. The company are here for ten weeks—too short a stay, for their repertory is not a small one and all that they do is more than merely well worth seeing.

THE GROTTOS OF ASSOUAN.

THERE are few towns in Upper Egypt which show more plainly than Assouan the benefits which have accrued to the whole country from the British occupation. True, Tommy Atkins is no longer to be seen in the streets. His place is taken by gigantic negroes of the deepest dye; but his influence seems to pervade the whole town still. Any one who knew it in the old times finds himself full of wonder at its comparative neatness; at the names—often, it is true, badly misspelt—over the corners; at the great increase of European shops; and at the long rows of new houses among the palms which lead to the unfortunately-chosen site of the first English camp. The Governor's house and its adjuncts, the Post Office and the Dispensary, show the improvement and its cause most plainly. The so-called "official language" exhausts itself in labelling

the "Governor's Offices" and "Archives"; and the rest of the public departments are named in plain English. Nature has not, however, favoured Assouan in the years which have elapsed since Araby brought on the occupation. It will be remembered that immediately below the Cataract the Nile is divided by two large islands, Elephantine, called by the Arabs Gezeeret al Zaher, the Island of Flowers, and Gezeeret Atroon. On the eastern shore is Syene, the modern Assouan, and the main channel of the river has always flowed past the town. But during the past few years a change has occurred in its volume, and the stream of deep water seems now rather to favour the western side of Elephantine, and to be disposed to leave Assouan high and dry. Great mud flats line the shore at the northern end of the town, and what little of the river runs past the old quays is now received into a shallow bay from which it has no direct exit. It was on the banks of this bay that the wisdom of officers who should have known better, but who were probably deceived by the old maps and charts, placed our camp, with a result sadly attested by the crowded state of the walled cemetery on the road to Mahatta. In any case, with all the country to choose from, it is strange that a camp should ever be placed down stream, below a populous and dirty town, with no outlet for its drainage but a landlocked bay. Meanwhile, the question arises will Assouan have to migrate to the site of the old Egyptian Aboo, on Elephantine. At present, except at high Nile, when there is but little traffic, the entrance to the harbour is so difficult that it has perforce been abandoned by the postal and excursion steamers. They can no longer thread the narrow and devious passage among black granite boulders which leads to their former anchorage; but have to stop some way below the town at a sandy flat, immediately opposite the yellow slope of Sheykh Ali, half way up which are the wonderful tombs which General Grenfell commenced to excavate in 1887, and which have made so powerful an addition to the many attractions of the place. Evidences of civilization extending back to the period of the twelfth dynasty of the old Pharaohs, at least 2000 B.C., and beyond that, again, to the unknown age of the pyramid-builders, are not to be seen everywhere, and the interest of these grottoes, as described a couple of years ago, has been greatly enhanced by the researches of Major Plunkett and other officers, who have left as distinct a mark on the antiquities of Assouan as their soldiers have left upon the outward features of the town. The new stopping-place, necessitating as it does a long walk or ride into the town, is thus not without its advantages; but the occupiers of dahabiehs, who can still moor near the old Roman quay, or close by the railway-station at the southern end of the old town, have a pleasant sail or row to reach the landing-place at the foot of the yellow sandy slope under the tombs.

Standing at the station, and looking due north, we see, beyond the black and shining boulders of the bay, gay with dahabiehs, and the low-roofed bungalows of the military hospital on Elephantine, a background of sandy heights crowned with the little white dome of an ancient Sheykh, or saint, locally and appropriately known as *Ali ibn Sultan al Howa*, "Ali (the lofty) son of the King of the Wind." Immediately under the shrine of this exalted personage is the ruin of a castle constructed of crude brick by some early Arab conqueror. It is also appropriately named. Viewed from the town of Assouan, which its builder meant to protect or oppress, it appears at night to be immediately below the North Star, commonly called in the Arabic of Egypt *al Nagmeh*, "The star," and the castle is the fortress of the *Sheykh al Nagmeh*. It stands on a shoulder of the hill, and is founded on a stratum of hard sandstone rock, which runs along the brow of the slope northward and southward for miles. In the face of it are cuttings which look like ancient tombs, and if we follow it for a few yards we come to the remarkable double tier of rock shrines with which the name of General Grenfell is so deservedly associated. In some respects they resemble the grottoes of Beni Hassan, with which some of them are contemporary; but apparently Machoo and Sabbena, princes of Aboo under the sixth dynasty, set a fashion followed by their successors under the twelfth, and kept the architectural features of their tombs within the narrow portals. One of the most striking features of this ancient system of interment has perished at Beni Hassan; but here we have the original approach rising a hundred feet from the river's edge—a kind of slide, nearly perpendicular, with narrow steps on each side for the bearers who drew up the mummy to its destined resting-place.

The original discoverers of the grottoes began by numbering them; but some of the most perfect and interesting bear no numbers. A pathway is marked out for the visitor, for whose help a rope is provided, and certain gaunt Arabs who call themselves the *Gaffers*, or guardians, are ready at the top to meet him. These persons are very strict in seeing that he does not lay a finger on the sculptures or paintings, and reserve to themselves the right, which they freely exercise, of striking a match across the face of the figure he is examining. In the tomb of Machoo are piled up some hundreds of wooden masks taken from the pile of Ptolemaic and later mummies with which the floor was found to be crowded. With them are some remains of more elaborate interments, and thousands of pots of red earthenware, which contained the beer, wine, honey, and corn of the funereal offerings. The roof is supported by eighteen round columns, some of which bear traces of painting, and against the inner wall are larger memorials of the occupant and his family. This grotto com-

municates with the next—that to which the elaborate staircase led from the waterside. This is the tomb of Sabbena, who may have been a Governor of Elephantine, and many members of whose family are commemorated on the walls. The columns are square and rough, and deep mummy-pits render the floor dangerous in the dim light. Here we see the cartouche of Pepy II., a late king of the sixth dynasty, but of a period so remote that there is no use in attempting to date it. Passing one or two doorways which look only too inviting, but are silted up with sand, we come to the most important of all, the tomb which is generally known as "Grenfell's." It is carefully protected with shutters, and fully deserves any attention M. Grebaut and his satellites are likely to bestow upon it. It commemorates a high and mighty functionary of the twelfth dynasty, and is, therefore, contemporary with the more famous grottoes of Beni Hassan. This tomb it was, we believe, which had the advantage of Mr. Wallis-Budge's personal supervision at the opening and exploration. Mr. Budge's adventures on the occasion were of a most thrilling character, and are described by those who have heard them narrated to resemble too closely an exceedingly bad nightmare to be a pleasant subject of contemplation; but he penetrated, after what appear to have been protracted journeys through drain-pipes, and a kind of obstacle race in general, to the long-hidden abode of the body of "Ra-noob-kaoo-necht, Prince of the Land of the Elephant."

No other tomb of the kind has yet been opened. Its designer seems to have desired to produce an effect almost theatrical, and he has fully succeeded. The gloomy entrance, with its great rough-hewn square columns and its mysterious side aisles, unrelieved by a ray of light or a scrap of carving, leads to a square doorway some thirty feet from the entrance, which it exactly faces. A narrower passage is then entered. At the very end, with the daylight streaming in full and clear upon it, is the shrine which bears the portraits of Ra-noob-kaoo-necht, of Neb-Sahoo, his wife, and of their young family. The passage by which you reach it is unspeakably impressive. On either side are three deep niches in the dark walls. Before you yawns an apparently bottomless pit. Each of the niches is seen to contain an upright mummy, which gazes at you with sad eyes as you pass by. These six sepulchral figures are carved in stone and coloured, and form an appropriate line of sentinels to the entrance of the inner tomb. The hieroglyphics, which are numerous, would in themselves be sufficient evidence of the period, for they are carved and coloured in the best style of the twelfth dynasty. Noob-Kaoo-Ra, after whom the tenant of the tomb was called, is better known as Amen-em-hat II., was the third sovereign of his family, and must have reigned at a period which cannot be placed much later than 2300 B.C. The province of Aboo, the sign and determinative of which—an elephant—is among the hieroglyphics behind the chair of Ra-noob-kaoo-necht, must have been a very busy place during the rule of this dynasty. The names inscribed on the rocks near the Cataract by men of the period are almost innumerable, and, like that of this viceroy, enable us in many instances to judge of their loyalty to the king and his family. In this case we have "the Conqueror" appended to the king's name. In another it is "the Gracious," in a third it is "the Powerful," and in a tomb in this same series a gentleman bears the royal appellation with the addition of "long life to him." The Cataract inscriptions would probably afford us further particulars as to the careers of Ra-noob-kaoo-necht and his family, and as to his neighbours Ra-y and Ba-en-Choo and Ra-Nefer-Ka-Men-Anch, and the rest of the goodly company who took so much trouble to provide themselves "everlasting abodes of life" in this well-honeycombed hill.

RACING AT EPSOM.

AFTER their recent reverses it was almost a matter for surprise that backers had either courage enough or money enough left to face the Epsom Summer Meeting. The "nice, quiet, enjoyable" Second Spring Meeting had been remarkable for glaring reversals of public form and ruinous losses, and at Manchester, on the Friday and Saturday, backers had two most unhappy days. The Manchester Cup was disastrous, the Whitstide Plate was little better, and the defeat of Shillelagh, with 12 to 1 laid on him, at weight for age by his old stable-companion, Niagara, against whom 25 to 1 was laid, for the last race of the meeting, was such an extraordinary exhibition of racing form that the racing student must have felt half inclined to give up what Admiral Rous used to call "reading his Ruff" altogether.

On the first day of Epsom it was no great performance on the part of Jack o' Lantern to beat St. Symphorien when receiving 30 lbs. for the Egmont Plate; nevertheless it showed that he had to some extent recovered the form which he was supposed to have lost. Colonel North won a couple of 500l. plates, the Ranmore Two-Year-Old Plate and the Epsom Plate, with Nitrate Queen and Iddesleigh, and he got a second for the Woodcote Stakes with Simonian. For the latter race, which was the most important of the day, a dozen two-year-olds, including some of considerable promise, went to the post, and Simonian, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, with 7 lbs.

extra to carry, was the favourite. Just before the race, he was even backed for next year's Derby at 7 to 1. On this occasion he was destined to be beaten—"easily by three lengths"—by Melody, a 12 to 1 outsider, who had not appeared in public since she had been sold at auction for 1,000 guineas at Newmarket as a yearling. She was much admired, and no faults were found with her except that she did not stand quite true on her forelegs, and that she was a little wanting in size. Some of her defeated opponents may be excused because it was their first race, and others because they were backward. Among the latter may be classed Hildebert, who is said to have been recently purchased for 2,000*l*. Simonian ran well under his 7 lbs. extra, yet Melody appeared to have fully that amount in hand.

On the Derby Day there was an interesting race for the Stanley Stakes between the two smart chestnut colts, Bumptious and Inverness. The former gave the latter 2 lbs. and beat him in a canter by a length. It will be remembered that he had run Peter Flower to a neck at Newmarket, and at present this white-faced, thin-tailed chestnut colt stands very high among the two-year-olds of the season. Sir James Miller had the good luck to win not only the Derby, but also the race which followed it. The opinion of racing-men on the form shown in the Derby was practically indicated on Monday last, when Surefoot was made a better favourite than Sainfoin for the St. Leger. The day after the Derby Colonel North won another 500*l*. plate (the Royal Stakes) with Idlesleigh, a horse by no means remarkable for muscle and power. In accordance with the Duke of Portland's public announcement of some weeks beforehand, St. Serf came out for the Epsom Grand Prize, and he was made first favourite. A quarter of a mile from home the race lay between him and the two Bend Or colts, Ben and Ornatus. George Barrett was somewhat hampered with Ben, and he lodged a complaint against Weldon, the rider of Ornatus, after the race. There was a very hard-fought race between St. Serf and Ornatus, the former, admirably ridden by T. Loates, just managing to win in the last stride by a head, after making one long and well-calculated rush. Ornatus, who had previously won four races this season, was carrying 7 lbs. more than St. Serf, and it is a question whether even the head victory was not won by the riding; so the honours of the race—although not the 2,217*l*.—certainly rested with the second rather than with the winner. The first favourite for the Great Surrey Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,000*l*. was Lord Penrhyn's Queen of the Fairies, who had already won races, and the second was Colonel North's Sheldrake, an Isonomy colt for which he had given 2,500 guineas last year. Queen of the Fairies was beaten before she reached the distance, where Baron de Rothschild's Mardi Gras, a fine lengthy Robert-the-Devil colt, with rather doubtful-looking fore-legs, came to the front and won, after a pretty race, by a neck from Lady Primrose, a well-shaped, if rather lightly-built, filly by Rosebery.

On the Friday for the Acorn Stakes the brilliant filly Jessamy, after even money had been laid upon her, failed to beat either Romanée or Gavotte. Romanée, who had cost 1,950 guineas as a yearling, won by a neck from Gavotte; but, as she was receiving 5 lbs., she showed no great superiority over her rival, and at Windsor at even weights she had finished three-quarters of a length behind her. If Jessamy was quite herself (which seems unlikely), when she finished two lengths behind Gavotte at even weights, she must be considered rather lucky in having won about 1,700*l*. this season in previous races.

The Oaks was, on the late occasion, a somewhat more interesting race than the Derby. The old saying about a "mare being the best horse" is not uncommonly true with regard to two-year-old racehorses; for a flying filly of that age often represents the best form of her year; but it has been seldom, if ever, that so many brilliant fillies have made their appearance in one season as in 1889. On their highest form several of them surpassed the best of the colts, and one of them had been the best two-year-old of the season. The highest winners among the fillies were Riviera, who had won 12,237*l*. in stakes; Signorina, who had won 11,705*l*.; and Semolina, who had won 9,285*l*.; while the greatest amount won by any two-year-old colt had been only 3,413*l*. The trio just mentioned were all entered for the Oaks. Besides these there was a very strong second division last year, including Memoir (subsequently the winner of the Newmarket Stakes of 5,000*l*. this season); Dearest, who won 6,177*l*.; Heresy, Formidable, and Ponza, all of whom had won upwards of 2,000*l*. in stakes.

The form shown by Chevalier Ginistrelli's brown filly Signorina was far above that of any other two-year-old in 1889, when she won nine races, and never was beaten. Semolina and Riviera had each been unplaced to her; she had given the now celebrated Memoir 16 lbs. and a beating by a length, and she had proved the fallibility of Le Nord by beating him easily by three lengths for the Middle Park Plate. Unfortunately she did not winter well, and, early in the spring, the horse-watchers pronounced her, in their own graphic language, to be "all to pieces." Then it was said that there was something wrong with her teeth—"a dental affection," as it was called by the more polite class of racing writers. At any rate, the filly was very late in beginning hard work, and she did not run for any of her spring engagements. During the first half of May she was reported to be in hard training, and her admirers, who were many, expected that she would win the Oaks without much trouble, smart as

was the form that had recently been shown by her opponents, Memoir and Semolina. Then came a rumour that at half-past six o'clock on the morning of Whitsunday she had been tried with Sturton, and that he had beaten her, although the weights at which they were meeting were unknown to the public. Nevertheless, she was backed at evens at the start for the Oaks. Mr. H. Milner's Riviera was still more unfortunate in her preparation. She did excellent work in the early spring until her training became interrupted by a troublesome thoroughpin; in the race for the Newmarket Stakes she showed the want of condition consequent upon these interruptions, and three days afterwards she met with the accident which brought about her death. The Duke of Portland's small but beautiful bay filly, Semolina—a sister on her sire's side to Signorina—had won on eleven of the thirteen occasions on which she appeared in public last season, and Signorina and Riviera had been her only conquerors. Yet when she came out this spring, and won the One Thousand, it was evident that her stable companion Memoir could have beaten her, if permitted. As to Memoir, who is another half-sister to Signorina, it may be easily understood that this now greatly admired filly has made considerable improvement since last season when we quote the descriptions given of her last July by two of the most able writers on racing topics. One of them called her "a plain filly, with drooping Irish quarters," and the other wrote of her as follows, "A downright good mover, but not a beauty when seen on parade. At all events, I thought her short of quality." Although she won races last season, she had run, as we have already said, at least 16 lbs. below Signorina; but it had seemed that she did not develop her powers until the autumn; for, after being unplaced in a couple of races in July, she ran second to Signorina on the 4th of September, and on the 17th and 25th of the same month she won two races, as well as a third on the 11th of October. If, therefore, said her friends, she had met Signorina in the middle of October, instead of early in September, there might have been a much narrower margin between them.

There were only seven starters, and Mr. Coventry, whom we may take this opportunity of eulogizing as a perfect master of his art, got his field away, as in the Derby, without a single false start. Semolina made strong running up the hill, down the hill, and round Tattenham Corner. She had scarcely entered the straight before Signorina shot forward and took up her place, in very threatening fashion, at her girths; and just a little in their rear came Memoir. About a quarter of a mile from home Signorina took the lead, and the beautiful little Semolina retired from the front. Signorina seemed to be winning easily as she approached the distance, in spite of Memoir's challenge; but on reaching it she faltered a little, as if "run out," and it soon became evident that the unbeaten heroine had met her fate at last. Memoir passed her, and won by three-quarters of a length, while Ponza, who had been fourth for the One Thousand, was third, and Semolina, who had won it, was fourth. Three out of these four fillies were by St. Simon, and the other was by Springfield, the sire of the winner of the Derby. Both the winners of the Derby and the Oaks were bred at Hampton Court, and both were ridden by Watts. So far as the pace of the Oaks was concerned, it was the fastest on record, and its value was 4,400*l*., whereas that of the Oaks of last year was only 2,600*l*. In two races, Memoir has won 9,400*l*. in stakes this season, besides making a present of 3,400*l*. to her stable-companion in the One Thousand.

The Oaks could not fail to remind racing men of the recent success, in the race for the Manchester Cup, of the winner of the Oaks of last year. A horse or mare that wins one of the so-called classic races might be less expected than any other to win a great handicap; yet Lord Randolph Churchill's L'Abbesse de Jouarre won the Oaks last season, and this spring won first the Princess of Wales's Handicap at Sandown, and then the Manchester Cup. After winning the Oaks, she had been beaten in all her races last year, and then people said she was very inferior to an average Oaks winner. Critics called her short and light-boned, and her Epsom victory was spoken of as a fluke. For both the Oaks and the Manchester Cup she started at the long odds of 20 to 1, and at Sandown she was only fifth favourite at 8 to 1. Within a week of the race for the Manchester Cup she had stood at 50 to 1 in the betting. Then she went up to 12 to 1, to fall again to 20 to 1. When in the humour, she seems to be able to win at all distances, as she won over five furlongs at Sandown, a mile and a half at Epsom, and a mile and three-quarters at Manchester. This is the more remarkable because she is by Trappist, who was only a T.Y.C. horse. Her field in the Oaks, however, was a very inferior one to that of last week, and, smart as she is, few would care to back her, at weight for age, against either Memoir or Signorina. With the exception of the drenching Derby Day and the losses of backers over the two great races of the week, the Epsom meeting passed off exceptionally well. It is much to be regretted that Donovan, the hero of the Epsom week of last year, should have broken down on the Saturday following the late Epsom Meeting.

THE LICENSE OF NOVELISTS.

III.

CHARLES LEVER, in his early manner at least, was pre-eminently the type of the slap-dash school. He slowed down somewhat suddenly about the time of his *Lord Kilgobbin*, and when he had betaken himself to political moralizing in *Blackwood* as Cornelius O'Dowd. As he might have said himself, in his alliterative style, "Gout and the gravel are antipathetical to 'go,' and your colchicum is less exhilarating than your Veuve Clicquot." But to the last, when his fingers were not crippled by chalk-stones, he was as ready with the pen as his rollicking Irishmen with the pistol. He might always be relied upon by an editor at the shortest notice, and a letter of summary appeal sent him when Consul at Trieste was answered almost by return of post with the first serial instalment of *That Boy of Norcott's!* At his best, when young, Lever was like bottled stout in an Indian bungalow, or like soda-water in the cricket-field on a warm summer day strongly flavoured with the potheen. Had he hesitated or paused to think, everything would have fallen flat, and he would have lost all the sparkle and flavour of the liquor. To do him justice, nothing staggered him, and the licence of his Irish novels was, artistically, rather licentiousness. He overrode all law, civil and criminal, and set the most lax principles of living at defiance. Even in the highly-favoured counties of Clare and Galway we cannot believe that decent family men played with lives and pistols like boys with popguns—otherwise the gentlemen of birth, and even the squireens who aped their aristocratic habits, must have been exterminated some centuries ago. Look at the pair of duellists, set up opposite each other by seconds who never asked the cause of the quarrel, till, on being moved nearer after exchanging three shots apiece, the principals acknowledged a mutual mistake, and shook hands on discovering that the insulter "was neither of them." Two shortsighted duellists had each mistaken his man, so it seems a survivor would have had less to plead than usual had he been arraigned in court on a charge of murder. Doubtless "blazing" in defence of honour covered a great deal in those days, when half a county would turn out to see a fight, and the ground is said sometimes to have been kept by the constabulary. But no man gave a thought to the gallows or to Botany Bay when his blood was up and the drink was in, and even Saxons were demoralized or Hibernified after a brief sojourn in western quarters. Charles O'Malley, and the slow-going Sparks at Cork, have been trifling with the affections of the Misses Dalrymple. The intoxicated Cornet, on the prompting of his friend Power, explodes a bombshell in the family supper-party. Whereupon the irate Major Dalrymple—who, be it observed, has been keeping himself sober for serious business—jumps up, and makes a rush for the pistols, that are ready loaded. Nor does the Major mean a joke. The gay deceivers take two flying leaps out of the window, and a brace of bullets are sent whistling past their ears. Had the Major bagged his birds right and left, we wonder if there would have been any serious scandal. Then look at the drink-proof constitutions of those lucky dogs, and the tremendous drafts they drew on time with impunity! We cannot remember any good fellow who was cut off prematurely by his excesses, and there was nothing out of the way in the case of the gentleman who, stretched helpless and speechless on a bed of death, gave his faithful servant warning of the end by silently rejecting a ninth tumbler of strong punch. Old Major Monsoon was well advanced in years when he commanded a Portuguese detachment in the Peninsula. The seasoned toper who connived at the theft of the King of Spain's sherry boasts of having been a four-bottle man all his life, to say nothing of the promiscuous potations before and after. We might assume that Monsoon had a phenomenal physique; but he illustrates another phase of Lever's rollicking narrative. We are given to understand that he had no private means, yet his mere mess and wine bills must have mounted up to a small fortune; and, though an old campaigner in every sense of the word, we are puzzled to guess how he should have made intimate acquaintance with all the rarest and choicest vintages, from Imperial Tokay to Hermitage and Johannisberg. Debt was of course the native element of the jovial old Irish gentleman. Nothing could be more natural or more racy of the soil than Godfrey O'Malley, when he lost the privilege of Parliament, going down to Galway in his hearse to solicit a renewal of the confidence of his truculent constituency. But all Lever's Irish characters, whether in home quarters or on foreign service, carry on somehow through an accumulation of mutual accommodation bills; each jovial mess is a joint-stock association (unlimited) for facilitating the easy descent to Avernus; and though the final crash must have inevitably come, we do not remember that we were ever invited to assist at the catastrophe. Lever gives us all the bright conviviality of the debauch, and spares us the pangs of the headache on the awakening. The mystery is as to how the Irish usurer paid his way, for, considering the credit of his regular customers, it was very much the same whether he charged 10 per cent. or 300. The scene in the Dublin money-lender's writing-rooms in *Jack Hinton* is really pathetically droll, but quite as incredible as Sindbad's adventures in the Valley of Diamonds. *Davenport Dunn* was a comparatively recent production; yet Annesley Beecher, the younger brother of an embarrassed peer, with a nominal rent-roll of 12,000*l.*, contrived to get credit for upwards of 100,000*l.*, and Annesley is

pictured as a flat and a fool. Moreover, although he was "in keeping" and in sanctuary in Dublin, only coming out of a Sunday to dine with Paul Kellett, he slips his chain when it suits the author's purpose and is off to scour the Continent in the company of Grog Davis.

As to geography, Lever, in his imposing self-assurance, is cocksure as Macaulay, and, to give him his due, few men knew certain parts of the Continent better. From Brussels to Florence, from Florence to Naples, travelling by post or in the vettura along the beaten high roads of travel, there was not a town where he had not tried cellars and *cuisine* or cut the cards for *écarté* of an evening. In *The Dodds*, *The Daltons*, *Davenport Dunn*, and a dozen other books, he shows familiarity with the Black Forest and the Cascine, with the gay villas on Como and the gloomy palaces in Rome. But beyond his familiar beats he is as much abroad in his geography as Shakespeare, and with far less excuse. In *Charles O'Malley* he repeatedly makes Andalusia a province of Portugal, apparently confounding it with the Alentejo; and he makes Monsoon speak of Don Emanuel's beautiful heiress as possessing a million of moidores with a *campagna* in Valencia, evidently in blessed ignorance of the fact that Valencia lies on the opposite shores of Spain. In the slap-dash action of that military novel it is not unnatural that his memory should play him strange tricks. Thus Mr. Sparks represents the infantry of the line, when paying his addresses at Cork to Fanny Dalrymple; but a few weeks after landing at Lisbon we find him a cornet of Light Dragoons, charged with a commission to Charles O'Malley from "our mess." It is more intelligible that O'Malley should have marvellously quick promotion with phenomenally premature chances of distinguishing himself on service. Yet even there Lever draws the long bow to the cracking point. A few weeks after joining his corps the junior cornet is made lieutenant on a stricken field of battle; which reminds us of the mediæval fashion of creating knights banneret for some gallant exploit. That seems pretty strong; but, on the same evening, the junior lieutenant is sent away in command of half a troop on a singularly difficult and responsible piece of duty. If his seniors did not carry grumbling to the verge of mutiny, all we can say is that the gallant 14th were what they are represented, namely, a remarkably good-tempered set of fellows. Few men had a fuller or more successful career than Charles during his three years in the Peninsula. Nor can we wonder that he was startled by the dramatic contrast when, returning to Dublin, he finds his old chum Frank Webber still madly grinding round the mill in his monotonous pursuit of follies. The contrast is introduced, of course, as being dramatic, suggestive, and sensational. But to bring it about, the versatile Master Frank must have stopped still for an indefinite number of years at undergraduate age. However, Lever's chronology is always and absolutely hopeless.

Lever, as we said, knew the Continent well, and had enjoyed unusual opportunities of studying the *genius* courier. We think it is the poor tutor Lindsay in *Con Oregan* who makes a very natural moan as to the courier's enviable lot when compared with that of the educated dependent. The courier was handsomely paid for enjoying continual change of scene and society. He was hand-in-glove with all the landlords; he feasted everywhere on the fat of the land; he flirted promiscuously with fascinating soubrettes, and, if he pleased, he might lay by an easy competence against the day when it might please him to marry and settle down as a lodging-house keeper. But we are sure that none of the fraternity in their wildest dreams ever aspired to such luxurious fortunes as that of the Dutch courier in *Arthur O'Leary*. It is barely conceivable that he might indulge in his snug *pied à terre* at the Hague; that he might entertain a guest once in a way with a somewhat *recherché* supper; and that, honestly or otherwise, he might have come by some rare wine and the liqueurs for which the Dutch colonies are famous. But he must have been a millionaire as well as a connoisseur and a maniac to hang the walls of a tenement he seldom occupied with such a costly collection of combustible gems of the Dutch school as would have done honour to the Deepdene Galleries.

Talking of *Arthur O'Leary* makes us observe that Lever, either undesignedly or by design, takes even stranger social liberties. Often, as in *O'Leary's* case, they come of his habitual audacity; but sometimes he shows that, though he knew society in some of its aspects well, in others he was strangely ignorant of it. He was at home in foreign clubs and in the free-and-easy cosmopolitan company of Florence, Naples, or the Baths of Lucca. The brilliant Bohemian had seldom been admitted anywhere to the innermost circles; above all, he had never been a man about town in London; yet we need not say that had he been the petted *protégé* of Lady Jersey and Lady Palmerston he could not have touched on the best of the life in London with more *aplomb*. Though it was more in his province, he was not even sensible to the shades of distinction between the *personnel* of the clubs, and one of his casual remarks may serve as illustration. Grog Davis is painting for the benefit of his friend Beecher what would happen if that unlucky victim of narrow circumstances were arraigned for forgery in a criminal court. "All Brooks's and the Wyndham," says Grog, "would be scattered among the Bar." And we venture to say that he could hardly have pitched upon two clubs in St. James's less expressive of the class of attendance he evidently meant to suggest.

PARIS FIN DE SIÈCLE.

PARIS Fin de Siècle may be—and, indeed, we rather think has been—described as composed of a small piece of cake and a great deal of whipped cream. There is in it a small play round which is arranged abundance of social satire of a good-natured kind. The dramatic action tells how Roger de Kerjoël, a Breton gentleman, loved his cousin, Claire de Chancenay. Claire has been married by a family arrangement, and when the story opens is a young widow. She has become completely Parisienne, and is leading the ordinary fast life of society, “et malgré cela bien entendu la plus honnête femme du monde.” The widow is well disposed to marry Kerjoël, but stipulates that she shall have yet six months of liberty. Before the six months have run to a week she discovers that the liberty of a pretty young woman living in society in Paris, and spending her money too freely, has its dangers. Her dressmaker, under pretence of helping her to raise money, puts her in a compromising position. Then the magnanimity of the Breton gentleman comes to her aid, and Claire gives up the liberty which had proved so perilous. There is not much play in this, and the five acts are in reality almost entirely made up out of the social satire. Those of the audiences at the Haymarket who were not countrymen of the actors (and some who were) did well to read the piece before going to see it—partly because it is worth reading; partly because, in a house built for declamation and music, the spoken dialogue of a play of Society was necessarily ill heard; partly because, being very Parisian, the work of MM. Blum and Toché abounds in allusions to things of the day. This last is, however, the least valid of the reasons for reading the piece, in which there is little or nothing not perfectly intelligible to any spectator or reader blessed with some sense of humour and armed with a little knowledge of the world. It is not difficult, for instance, to understand the point of the joke which describes a lady as hiding herself when she goes to hear a debate in the Senate; nor does one need to know French politics intimately to understand what is meant when a candidate for the Chamber says his election is sure because he has bet the voters five francs apiece that he will not be returned. Indeed, we recognize in that jest an old friend of native growth.

The tone of the social satire of the piece may be most conspicuously defined as being of the school of Gyp. How MM. Blum and Toché speak of their leader we do not know. *Chère maîtresse* they must not call her, and *cher maître* they can hardly call her; but, howsoever, they have taken her style, her ideas, and her morals—which, we hasten to add, are by much the best in contemporary French literature. They are followers and imitators. They want the perfection of form, the unflinching cleanness of touch, and the infinite dexterity shown by their great model; but their intentions are good and their performance respectable. All their types are neatly presented—La Faloise, who has been round the world to find subjects for conversations and bores everybody with a long story about a Giraffe at Chandernagor which he is never allowed to finish; the Marquis de Boisssey-Godet, Senator, who is not so much “fin de siècle” as “commencement de l'autre”; La Fauchette, “qui a une guigne,” are all lively puppets. So are Mesdames la Marquise de Boisssey-Godet, des Épiplottes, and de Val Chevettes, who are all as “fin de siècle” as possible. Berthe, the daughter of the Marquise, is pure Gyp. Their goings on are in character. How far they are new is another question. “Etre fin de siècle,” says Mirandol, who expounds Paris to Roger, “c'est être gai, fantasiste, insouciant; c'est vivre enfin d'une vie un peu surmenée, un peu... surchauffée, si tu veux, mais si amusante. . . . Il ne s'agit pas d'aller loin, mais d'aller vite. . . . Nos pères voyageaient en chaise de poste; nous, nous voyageons en train éclair. . . . De Paris à Paris voilà le trajet. . . . Paris fin de siècle! Tout le monde descend.” Yes; but might not as much have been said of Paris under the Second Empire—or Paris Régence—to say nothing of Paris Directoire, which, to be sure, was “fin de siècle” also? Might it not even have been said of most societies which had nothing to do but amuse themselves? MM. Blum and Toché have, unwittingly we take it, given a curious proof how ancient some new things are. There is a piece of dialogue in the fourth act between Berthe and her fiancé, Mirandol, on marriage, which is obviously meant to be the newest of the new, and yet it is but an echo of the famous scene between Millamant and Mirabel in *The Way of the World*. The two are as much alike as modern smartness is to ancient wit. For the rest, Paris “fin de siècle” is not unlike the world of Congreve; the very brutality being there, if one cared to drag it out. A contrast to the overheated life of the great world is obtained by the introduction of Judith Fripiet, the mistress of Mirandol, who is a model of economy, reads the *Temps*, looks after her investments, and will not tolerate a risky story, which poor La Fauchette is reduced to keeping for “le monde.” The device is a trifle mechanical, but it affords some tolerable fun.

On the whole, this review of the new-old follies of society goes with spirit, except in the earlier scenes, which are, after the French custom, a little overburdened with mere expository talk. The fourth act contains a very pretty fantastic scene—the farandole at Mme. des Épiplottes' charity ball, danced by *arlequines* and their partners, who wear the well-known red dress-coat, white waistcoat, black knee-breeches, and silk stockings—a most effective dress. The acting was spirited and level. One question

to finish withal. Do French people in Parisian theatres chatter all through the performance? Those of that charming people who were at Her Majesty's did not less continuously, and at times more audibly, than the actors.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE PRAYING-MANTIS.

WE have always considered it matter for regret that hard fate, in the shape of want of room and the necessity for a sunny spot with a southern aspect, should have compelled the Society to build their Insect House in such an extremely out-of-the-way corner of the Gardens as that which it occupies, as from its position comparatively few visitors find their way to it, in spite of the fact that it always contains many very interesting animals. Though it is known as the “Insect House,” its inhabitants are not entirely confined to insects, or indeed even to invertebrates, as among them are several birds, and two or three examples of the electric eel of South America. Still, invertebrates very largely predominate, and a very good and extremely interesting collection they are. As, indeed, would naturally be expected, the inhabitants of this house are at their best during the summer months, and at the present time the house contains several more than usually interesting animals, in addition to the Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths), which alone always well repay a visit. Among these we may mention a Tarentula, just received—of which it may be remarked parenthetically that it is not an insect, notwithstanding the popular belief that all “spiders” are insects—and two specimens of the Praying-mantis (*Empusa pauperata*), a native of the South of Europe, also received within a week or so, of which latter alone we propose to treat in this article.

The Mantidæ belong to the order Orthoptera, one of the “oldest families,” be it observed, in the insect world, tracing their descent back to the Upper Devonian period, and are somewhat nearly related to the stick and leaf insects (Phasmidæ), and, like them, afford a marvellous illustration of protective mimicry in nature, their resemblance to the leaves and twigs being so great that it is almost impossible to notice them when they are at rest upon the plants which they frequent. They are most extraordinary-looking creatures, but can be easily distinguished from their relations, the Phasmidæ, by the peculiar structure of their fore-legs, which are long and thick, and marvellously adapted for seizing flies and other insects on which they feed. The femora are thick, grooved on the underside, and furnished with a double row of spines, while the tibia, which are by comparison slender, are also armed with spines on the underside and are so constructed as to close upon the femora “as the blade of a pocket-knife does upon its handle. The efficiency of this implement is shown not only in seizing small insects, which become an easy prey, but in the combats which the Mantidæ carry on with each other, for a dexterous application of it decapitates an opponent as expeditiously as could be done by a guillotine.” These powerful raptorial legs are attached to the extremity of the prothorax, which is very long and capable of being raised nearly at a right angle to the body, which gives them much the appearance of arms. The other two pairs of legs are slender and are used entirely for walking, and in the genus *Empusa*, as may be seen in the specimens in the Zoo, the thighs are ornamented at the ends with curious little leaf-like expansions. In all the Mantidæ the head, which is triangular, is attached vertically to the thorax by a distinct neck—in *Empusa* it is decorated by a long horn-like projection of the forehead—and is furnished with large oval eyes, and the curious manner in which the creatures turn their heads in all directions intently watching the movements of anything near them is most striking.

The Mantidæ are noticeable, not only for their structural peculiarities, but also for the fact that they are living and walking exponents of the truth that the world is governed by appearances, as from very ancient times wherever they are found—that is, throughout the warmer regions of the world—they have been credited with piety, meekness, and all good qualities, whereas in truth they are the most bloodthirsty creatures imaginable. This extremely mistaken estimate of their character has arisen from the fact that, especially as they move slowly about, the thorax is raised, as we have said, at an angle to the body, and the large raptorial legs are carried extended and raised—thus fancifully imitating, or rather caricaturing, the position of a person whose hands are clasped in prayer. In many parts of the world they are still regarded with superstitious reverence, and extraordinary stories are told of them—for example, they are believed to be able to indicate coming events, whence their names of “soothsayers” or “prophets,” and in the South of Europe the Praying-mantis is supposed to direct any lost wayfarer, especially a child, into the right way; as Rondelet puts it:—“Puero interroganti de viâ altero pede extento rectam monstrat, atque rare vel nunquam fallit.” Another legend is to the effect that “St. Francis Xavier, on seeing a mantis moving slowly along with its fore-legs raised as if in devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God, which it immediately did in a very beautiful canticle.” Again, we are told that among the Hottentots “the individual upon whom one happens to alight is supposed to have a peculiar degree of sanctity imparted to him, and to be a special favourite of heaven.” As we before remarked, however,

all this reverence is sorely misplaced, the whole of the creature's life being spent in murder and rapine; for, being "fierce, cruel, gormandizing wretches, so far from indulging, as has been fondly supposed, in a state of religious abstraction, they are continually seeking what they may devour," and the very position which has given them a reputation for sanctity is only assumed to enable them the more readily to seize any unfortunate insect that may come within their reach; and they are by no means particular what that insect may be, as they will with the greatest readiness seize and devour one of their own species, particularly if smaller and weaker than themselves. It is, therefore, not surprising that they are most pugnacious, and indulge in the fiercest encounters on the least possible provocation—or, indeed, without any apparent provocation at all—when "their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres, and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, or severs the head from the body. During these engagements the wings are generally expanded, and when the battle is over the conqueror devours his antagonist." The performance is curious and amusing, the peculiar shape and carriage of the insects giving them the appearance of dancing with one another. In China and the East we are told that they are fought, like game-cocks, for wagers. The following extract from the work of an American authority says much for their power of endurance:—"We have seen a female decapitated, and with her body partly eaten, slip away from another that was devouring her, and for over an hour afterwards fight as tenaciously and with as much nonchalance as though nothing had happened." It is, perhaps, needless to say, the character of the Mantidæ being such as it is, that the two specimens at the Zoo are not confined in the same case, as were they placed together the Society would in all probability very shortly possess but one only. They are of different ages, one having arrived at the perfect winged state of maturity, while the other is much more youthful, and it is interesting to compare the two examples. Like all the Orthoptera, the young Mantidæ came into the world fully equipped with six legs, and except that they are much smaller, differ very little in shape and general appearance from their parents; their wings, however, are entirely wanting. The changes in their development from the larval stage to that of the perfect insect are gradual, being carried out by a series of moults, during which the wings, which first appear under the skin behind the prothorax, increase in size with each successive moult until they attain their full development in the perfect insect. And their wings have this peculiarity, that the upper pair, the tegmina, are hard, and form a covering for the under pair, which latter are so constructed that when the insect is at rest they fold together like a fan. Both tegmina and wings are longer than the abdomen, upon which they rest horizontally, the tegmina being placed one over the other. Though not possessing wings, the young Mantidæ are blessed with voracious appetites, and are fully as fierce and bloodthirsty as their elders—qualities which they soon display by attacking one another. They are produced from eggs, which are laid by the parent insect in clusters, inclosed in an envelope, which, soft when produced, becomes hard by exposure to the air, and are attached to the twigs and stalks of plants.

A Mantis, notwithstanding its evil habits, or rather, perhaps, on account of them, is a charming pet, if the expression is allowable in reference to an insect, its "tricks and its manners" being most amusing. No doubt, to be seen in perfection, it must be kept in its native country—as, indeed, is the case with all inhabitants of the warmer parts of the globe; but even here, if carefully brought over and so received in good health, and kept warm and well supplied with food, we know no animal of its size from which so much amusement can be derived.

THE EGYPTIAN CONVERSION.

THE new Egyptian loan for the Conversion of the Preference and the redemption of the Four and a Half per Cent. debts was brought out yesterday in London, Paris, Berlin, and Frankfurt; and it is to be followed quickly by the conversion of the Daira and Domain loans. It was not originally the intention of the Egyptian Government to convert the two latter; but it had to undertake to do so to get permission from the French Government to avail itself of the improvement in its credit to reduce the charge of its debt. The Daira and Domain loans were raised at a time when the credit of Egypt was low, on the security of lands which it was hoped would yield revenue enough to pay the interest on the money borrowed, and also to furnish a sinking fund which, in a reasonable length of time, would redeem the two debts. Unfortunately, the International Commissions which manage the estates have proved costly and inefficient. Owing to this and to the long-continued agricultural depression, the income derived from the lands has not been sufficient to pay the interest on the two loans, which, in consequence, have been a heavy burden upon the revenues of the State. It is believed now that the lands could be sold, that thereby the costly administrations could be got rid of, and that thus a very considerable saving could be effected; but the French Government will not allow the sale of the lands. There are Frenchmen on the two Commissions, and to keep them in their places France insists that the two loans shall be retained as separate mortgages upon the lands upon which they are secured. The in-

terest may be reduced, but there shall be no further conversion for fifteen years, and redemption must not be effected at a quicker rate than 300,000*l.* per annum. Thus, for the sake of retaining these French officials in their places, France stipulates that Egypt must not accept an offer for the lands, however advantageous it may be, nor must she clear off the mortgages for fifteen years. It has been contended by many that the Egyptian Government should have rejected these conditions. But that would not have been advisable. The duty of a Government is not to sulk, but to make the best of existing circumstances. The time is now favourable for the Conversion of a large part of the Egyptian Debt. If the Government refused to avail itself of the opportunity, it might not be able by-and-by to reduce the interest, and thus might have to go on paying more than it need to do for many years to come, even if France were willing to assent to a more favourable scheme of Conversion. The Egyptian Government, then, has wisely submitted to what it could not alter; and, for the sake of getting permission to convert the Preference and Four and a Half per Cent. loans, it has agreed to all the French stipulations. But it has decided at the same time to postpone the Conversion of the Daira and Domain loans until that of the Preference and Four and a Half per Cents is completed. To try and carry them all through at the same time would confuse the bondholders, and might endanger the success of the operation. Besides, if the first Conversion is very successful, the second may be effected on more favourable terms than would now be possible. At once, then, the Preference debt is to be converted, the Four and a Half per Cent. to be paid off, and a sum of 1,300,000*l.* is to be raised for irrigation purposes and for commuting pensions. The issue price of the new loan is to be 91. That is to say, the holder of an old Preference bond of the nominal value of 100*l.* is to get a new Preference bond of the same nominal amount, and to receive 9*l.* in cash. The interest of the new bond is to be 3½ per cent. per annum. The new loan is to amount to 29,400,000*l.*

In the opinion of many critics it would have been better to have fixed the interest of the new loan at 4 per cent. If that had been done, it is probable that the Conversion could have been effected at par. If so, no addition would have been made to the capital of the debt, there would have been a saving in interest of 20 per cent., and if the credit of Egypt had continued to improve, it would be possible hereafter to effect a further reduction of ½ per cent., or, possibly, even of 1 per cent., in the rate of interest. As a general rule, it is advisable to avoid increasing the capital of the debt. Mr. Goschen, for example, in his Conversion did so. But the position of Egypt is peculiar, and a very strong case may be made out for the decision to which the Egyptian Government has come. There can be no fresh Conversion for fifteen years. During that time, if there were to be a great European war, or if the British occupation came to an end, or if there were to be fresh Soudanese troubles, it might be impossible for Egypt to effect a new conversion. Besides, even if the credit of the country improved and everything else were favourable, it is possible that at the end of the fifteen years France might make objections to a new Conversion. Therefore, the Egyptian Government, no doubt, considers that its wisest course is to effect at once the greatest possible amount of saving. A Conversion into a Three and a Half per Cent. Debt, issued at 91, saves about 50,000*l.* a year more than a conversion at par into a Four per Cent. That is a considerable sum, and to some extent, at all events, counterbalances the increase of the capital of the debt by the bonus of 9 per cent. that is given to the Preference bondholders. It would not be a sufficient compensation if Egypt were an independent country that could regulate her finances according to the will of her Government; but as Egypt is not independent, the case is altered. The Conversion arrangement is also sometimes adversely criticized on the ground that the issue price has been fixed too low. That price, as already stated, is 91; but the new bonds have been dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, at from 95 to 97, or a premium of from 4 to 6. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the Egyptian Government has to induce the bondholders to exchange their old bonds for the new. The Bondholders are asked to give up 1½ per cent. interest. If they were required at the same time to take the new bonds at a price as high as the market was likely to put upon them, it is almost certain that they would have refused, and would have insisted upon being paid off in cash. In that case the Conversion would fail. Other investors would be hardly likely to subscribe for bonds which the old creditors of Egypt considered too dear, and no great financial house could be expected to guarantee the success of an operation which was distasteful to the bondholders, and not likely to be in favour with other investors. To effect the saving in interest which it desires, the Egyptian Government had obviously to make an offer that in some other way would be acceptable to the bondholders, and they could do this only by fixing the issue price of the new loan so low that it would be reasonably certain the value of the new bonds would rise. What the bondholders would lose in interest they would hope then to recover by the appreciation of the capital, and thus the success of the operation would be secured. The decision arrived at to fix the issue price at 91 is thus an equitable concession to the bondholders, and ensures the success of the Conversion.

The saving which will be effected by the Conversion amounts to about a quarter of a million sterling, and the natural course would be to apply the sum to the abolition of forced labour in the first place, and to either the redemption of debt or the repeal of

taxes in the second place. But the French Government has made it a condition of its assent to the Conversion that the money be retained in the hands of the Debt Commission, and that an agreement of all the Powers be necessary to decide how it shall be employed. In his speech in the Chamber on Tuesday M. Ribot frankly admitted that this condition was imposed for the purpose of hastening the evacuation. It was to pave the way for this, he said, that at the outset of the negotiations it was proposed that the savings should be applied to the creation of a special fund destined to enable Egypt by the increase of her military forces to provide for the protection of her territory. He did not insist, however, that this should be agreed to before Conversion. He was satisfied with the stipulation that the money should not be employed in any way without the approval of the Powers. It may be asked What is the advantage of Conversion to Egypt if the money saved by the reduction of interest is to be spent upon soldiery and police? But it is to be borne in mind that all the Powers must agree upon the application of the money. Therefore, just as France has been able for more than a year to prevent Conversion, any one Power can prevent as long as it pleases the application of the money in a way displeasing to itself. If, therefore, France proposes that part of the savings shall be applied to the increase of the army, England can prevent that being done; and the result will be that the money will remain in the hands of the Debt Commission, will go to increase the reserve of about a million which has been accumulated by Sir Edgar Vincent, and practically will be employed as a Sinking Fund. The money, that is to say, will be used in buying up Egyptian stock. If the finances of the Government continue as prosperous as they are at present, the stock can ultimately be cancelled, and thus a considerable reduction will be effected. If, on the other hand, the finances become less satisfactory than they are at present, and there is need for any part of the reserve, the stock can be sold in the market, and the proceeds employed by the Government. Perhaps in no better way could a considerable proportion of the saving effected by Conversion be employed. The taxation of Egypt is so heavy, that part of the savings undoubtedly ought to be used for reducing that taxation. But another part would be well applied in adding to the reserve. Generally speaking, the savings effected by Conversion ought to be employed in reducing debt, and as we have just been pointing out, an increase of the reserve fund will really be tantamount to a redemption of debt, always assuming that the financial condition of Egypt continues as prosperous as it is at present. There is no reason to doubt that it will continue prosperous while the British occupation lasts.

THE LATE LADY ELY.

THE death of Lady Ely removes from English society a conspicuous, and indeed almost historical, figure. Since 1851 she has been so intimately connected with the Queen as to be popularly considered Her Majesty's most intimate friend, and when, in time to come, the domestic as well as political history of the reign of Queen Victoria is written, few names will be found more frequently mentioned than that of Jane, Dowager Marchioness of Ely. This lady was born in 1821, in 1844 married the third Marquess of Ely, but it was not until 1851, as already stated, that she joined the Court, which she adorned for so many years with her personal beauty and charm of manner. Her sensitive and sympathetic nature doubtless accounted for the extraordinary tact she possessed, and which, in the official position she held, was of paramount service to the Queen. It was impossible for Lady Ely to do an unkind or ungracious action. Of her it may be said as of Mme. de Chantal, *Elle ne blessait jamais l'amour propre*, which Mme. de Sévigné declared to be one of the wisest rules to observe if we wish to pass through life with few enemies and many friends. In every sense of the word, Lady Ely was *grande dame*, possessing in addition to undeniable natural ability a great kindness of heart, faultless manners, and a perfect acquaintance with every detail of social etiquette. She had figured in so many historical scenes, witnessed so many pageants, and, above all, had known intimately so many illustrious and famous people, that, if perchance she has left a diary, it will eventually form one of the most valuable records of her time. But it is doubtful if she has done so; for, although a ready and clever correspondent, the late Marchioness was not literary. Her letters, however, are admirable in style, gracefully expressed, and singularly pithy. She was a well-read woman, who preferred memoirs and historical works to novels, of which she used to boast she had read fewer than, perhaps, any woman of her age. A better listener than conversationalist, habits of Court life had engendered in her a certain reticence; but, when she yielded to intimacy, she could be extremely amusing and anecdotic, throwing at times, without the least breach of confidence, new light upon many obscure passages in the contemporary history in which she had acted a conspicuous though subordinate part, being rather a witness of than a participator in the events which transpired in her presence. Lady Ely entertained for Italy an enthusiastic admiration, possibly due to the fact that on her father's side she was of illustrious Italian origin. When Italy was beginning the accomplishment of her unity, no one in England sympathized more heartily

with the movement than she who was one of Cavour's staunchest and most intimate friends. Extremely fond of travelling, she only three years ago visited India for the first time, and here unfortunately met with an accident, which possibly was the indirect cause of the terrible illness which ended fatally on Wednesday morning last. Needless to say that the Queen throughout Lady Ely's illness lavished upon her every possible attention, and it will be some consolation to Her Majesty to know that her old and dear friend was most tenderly watched over by her daughter and by her immediate family circle, and that the general public evinced sympathy, not only for the invalid, but for the Sovereign who has lost so attached and trustworthy a servant.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. MOSZKOWSKI, who conducted a new Suite of his own composition at the last Philharmonic Concert, is chiefly known in this country as a composer of graceful pianoforte music. A few years back a more ambitious orchestral work of his was heard at the Philharmonic Concerts, but it failed to make any great impression, and it was, therefore, a surprise to find such good and scholarly writing in his new orchestral Suite played on the 5th. Though, taken as a whole, the work is wanting in homogeneity, yet parts of it, and notably the opening Prelude and Fugue, display not only the command of melody which was to be expected from the composer, but also a power of using intricate contrapuntal devices with which none of his previous compositions had given signs that he was gifted. In both these numbers considerable and effective use is made of the organ, which is not heard in the rest of the work. The scoring is clever and effective, and contains some new ideas; a Cadenza for solo violin, organ, and harp, at the end of the Prelude, proved especially brilliant. The other four numbers of the Suite, a Scherzo, Larghetto, Intermezzo, and March, are less meritorious than the Prelude and Fugue, though almost all of them contain good points. The Scherzo and Intermezzo (as the analytical programme rather unkindly pointed out) contain strong reminiscences of Beethoven and Mozart, and it might have been added that the concluding March owes much to Wagner's *Meistersinger*. The work was well received, and an attempt was made to encore the pretty but commonplace Intermezzo. The other works announced as novelties at this concert were not novelties at all. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, a rather slipshod performance of which opened the concert, has been heard at the Crystal Palace; and Mr. Goring Thomas's charming duets, "Night Hymn at Sea" and "Amours Villageois," have been sung so often in public that the mistake is incomprehensible. An extremely pleasant feature in the concert was Signor Buonamici's artistic performance of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, No. 5. No better playing could be desired, and it was most gratifying to hear the music performed as if the pianist was only striving to interpret the composer's meaning, and not to make it a vehicle for displaying his own virtuosity. The vocalists were Miss Lena Little, who sang with taste and expression Berlioz's "La Captive," and Herr Max Heinrich, who declaimed Schubert's "Die Allmacht" (with Liszt's orchestral accompaniments), both artists taking part in Mr. Thomas's duets. The Overtures were those by Sir Arthur Sullivan to *Macbeth* and by Meyerbeer to *Struensee*.

Señor Sarasate, who has just returned from America, made his reappearance at a Chamber Concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The Spanish violinist was heard in Raff's Violin Sonata, Op. 73; in Schubert's Fantasie, Op. 159; and in Saint-Saëns's Concertstück, Op. 20, in all of which his performances are so familiar that it is only necessary to note that his style is as good as ever, and his playing was as thoroughly artistic as when he was last in this country. A crowded audience clamoured for encores, and in response Señor Sarasate played the air and variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata and a brilliant piece of his own. He was assisted by Mme. Berthe Marx, an excellent pianist whose playing is thoroughly in harmony with his own. Of her solo performances, the best was that of Liszt's Rhapsody, No. VI, in which she displayed much brilliancy and power.

On the same afternoon as Señor Sarasate's concert, Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg reappeared at Princes' Hall. Even among the crowd of first-rate pianists in London this season, Mlle. Kleeberg is able to hold her own and occupies a distinct position. The charming spontaneity and absence of effort which are so delightful a feature in her playing make her one of the pleasantest artists to listen to. It would be difficult to imagine anything more delicate and finished of its kind than her performance of the great Fugue in Handel's Suite in G minor, or of the so-called "Chaconne" of Théodore Dubois, or "Variations Chromatiques" of Bizet. Almost, if not quite, as good were Schumann's "Kinderszenen," and Beethoven's Variations on a theme from the "Men of Prometheus."

A great contrast to Mlle. Kleeberg's playing was afforded on Monday afternoon last by that of Mme. Menter, who gave a Recital at St. James's Hall. An apology was made for her on the ground that she had met with one of those accidents to which the muscular school of pianists is liable; but in spite of the pain she was suffering from a torn finger-nail, the programme was conscientiously executed. Time is apparently toning down the

exuberance of Mme. Menter's style, for it was noticeable that her performances were not only quieter than they used to be, but also gave signs of much more feeling than she has previously displayed. Her playing of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109, was remarkable; apart from the difficulties of the work, which her amazing technical ability enables her to conquer with ease, it demands qualities of interpretation of a high order, and in this respect her performance, though not faultless, was far superior to anything she has done before. In compositions calculated only to surprise, such as Liszt's Transcription of the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, or Tausig's parody of one of Strauss's most charming waltzes, Mme. Menter's playing is what it always was—very wonderful as a display of mechanical skill, but hard, unsympathetic, and artistically worthless.

The Richter Concert last Monday evening brought forward no novelties. The programme was purely instrumental, and consisted of Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, Berlioz's "Le Carnaval Romain," Wagner's "Charfreitags-Zauber," Introduction to Act III. of *Die Meistersinger*, and "Walküren-Ritt," and Brahms's Fourth Symphony. Most of these selections are by this time sufficiently familiar to concert-goers. The Brahms Symphony has been less seldom heard than the other numbers, and it is a work which requires to be thoroughly known before it can be fully appreciated. It seems doubtful whether it will ever be as popular as its predecessors, for the composer throughout the whole work is in his sternest mood, and the intricacies of the music make much of it difficult to follow, especially at the end of a concert in an ill-ventilated room on a hot night. It was listened to on Monday with attention, but without enthusiasm; the latter seemed to have exhausted itself on the performance of the "Walküren-Ritt."

More interesting than the Richter Concert, though it attracted a much smaller audience, was that given by M. Paderewski, on Tuesday evening. The Polish pianist seems now fairly established as a popular favourite, and each successive hearing only confirms the opinion that he is one of the most interesting artists who has been heard here for some time past. At his orchestral concert last Tuesday the programme included several unfamiliar numbers, and two novelties. The Suite of Dance Tunes, by Le Borne, which opened the concert, would have probably proved more effective for more rehearsals; it is well written and cleverly scored, but the subjects on which it is constructed are not very interesting, and the whole work is wanting in that distinction which is usually a characteristic of the French school. The Suite was followed by a Concerto by the concert-giver, in which he played the solo part. Judging from a first hearing, it is a composition of unequal merit, and, curiously enough, does not seem a very grateful work for the pianoforte, which is constantly overpowered by the heaviness of the orchestration. Of the three movements of which it consists, the opening Allegro and the slow movement, an expressive Romanza, are much the best. M. Paderewski was also heard in Saint-Saëns's fine Concerto in C minor, Op. 44, and in Liszt's Fantaisie Hongroise, for pianoforte and orchestra. In all three works his playing was admirable, and was greeted with loud and prolonged applause, which, at the close of the concert, was so persistent that he returned to the platform and played his own Minuet—the graceful little work by which his name first became known. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Henschel and led by Herr Willy Hess, who also gave an excellent performance of Mr. Henschel's musicianly Ballade for violin solo and orchestra.

Amongst the numerous recitals of the week, that given by Mme. Roger-Miclos, assisted by Herr Johannes Wolff, at Princes' Hall last Tuesday afternoon, must be especially mentioned, as the concert-giver is a very distinguished Parisian pianist. The programme was long and miscellaneous, beginning with the Kreutzer Sonata, and including compositions by Handel, Daguin, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Henselt, Liszt, Pfeiffer, and Godard, while Herr Wolff—besides taking part in the Sonata—was heard in a Romance and Rondo by Wieniawski and (for an encore) Raff's familiar Cavatina. Mme. Roger-Miclos was equally effective in all her selections; oddly enough, her playing of such extremely different compositions as the Beethoven Sonata, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody were her happiest efforts. She has an admirable technique and style, and would probably prove an attraction to the musical public at any other season than the present, when concerts and pianoforte recitals succeed one another with bewildering rapidity. Mme. Roger-Miclos, like M. Hirsch last week, was placed at a great disadvantage by playing on a harsh and disagreeable instrument. On Wednesday afternoon Princes' Hall was occupied by an English pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, who, it was pleasant to note, was in every way able to hold her own against the numerous foreign competitors for public favour. The programme of Miss Davies's concert was entirely devoted to the works of Robert and Clara Schumann, comprising the Pianoforte Trio, Scherzo in D minor, and three songs by the latter, and the "Kreisleriana," songs, and two of the Studies for Pedal Piano by the latter. Miss Davies was assisted by Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, Miss Fillunger being the vocalist. The best performance was that of the "Kreisleriana," the intricacies of which were admirably interpreted by the pianist, whose style is acquiring a maturity and breadth which were formerly wanting.

At Messrs. Heinrich and Schönberger's last Recital, on the evening of the 6th, the programme was admirably selected from the pianoforte works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Jensen, with songs by Schubert, Mozart, and Herr Schönberger. The pianist

gave excellent performances of a Rhapsodie and Capriccio by Brahms, the second of which was encored, and Mr. Heinrich's singing evidently gave great satisfaction to the audience, which insisted upon his repeating "Die Taubenpost," by Schubert, and Herr Schönberger's "Ich hör' meinen Schatz."

Other concerts, which it is impossible to notice at length, have been given by Mr. Orton Bradley (on the 5th), by the Lombard Amateur Musical Society (on the 7th), by Señor Albeniz (on the same day), by Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse (on the 10th), and by Herr Arthur Friedheim (on the 11th).

MONEY MATTERS.

THE demand for loans at the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Wednesday, was decidedly larger than had been anticipated. In the morning bankers asked only from 2½ to 3 per cent., but in the afternoon the rate rose to 3½ per cent. In the discount market loans were also in much request, 3 per cent. being freely paid, and in several instances applications had to be made to the Bank of England, where 3½ per cent. was charged. The rate of discount advanced to 2½ per cent. The pressure is to some extent due to the approach of the end of the half-year, in preparation for which the India Council was calling in money, and the joint-stock banks are not willing to lend as freely as usual. Messrs. Rothschild also called in money to pay off the Egyptian Four and a Half per Cent. loan. So far it is, therefore, temporary; but the recent ease was excessive, and a reaction was inevitable, owing to the increase of speculation, the exports of gold, and the smallness of the Bank reserve.

The passage of the Silver Bill by the House of Representatives caused the price of silver to advance early in the week to 49d. per ounce. There has since, however, been a decline to 48d. The Bill passed by the House was referred to the Finance Committee of the Senate, and by it has been reported back with several important amendments. It seems certain, therefore, that the measure will not be carried as quickly as appeared likely a little while ago. A conference between the Senate and the House is talked of, and unless the President uses his influence with the leaders in the Senate, it is possible that the Conference may fail. The belief still, however, continues general that a compromise will be arrived at, and, therefore, though silver securities, such as Indian Rupee Paper, have given way somewhat, the market is strong.

The Fortnightly Settlement has shown that the speculative accounts open for the rise in all departments of the Stock Exchange are larger than had been supposed. It is understood that operations on American and Continental account are being financed in London, and, therefore, the scarcity and comparative dearth of money in London are depressing the foreign as well as the home markets. The failure of a dealer who had speculated recklessly has added to the depression. All during the week selling by the smaller speculators has been continuous and large. But this is not expected to last long. Trade generally is good. The savings of the world are large, and the belief in the maintenance of peace is as strong as ever.

The hybrid Committee has passed the preambles of the four Bills for dividing railway Ordinary stocks; but owing to the rise in the value of money and the temporary discouragement of speculators, there has not been the advance in prices that was generally looked for. It may safely be predicted, however, that the quotations of the divided stocks will permanently be higher than those of the undivided stocks. At present Ordinary stocks are not much liked by many investors, because of the frequent fluctuations in the dividends, and the high premium at which most stocks stand. The Converted Preference will be more to the taste of investors who live upon their dividends. In the first place, the dividend will be at a fixed rate, and, therefore, the investor will know beforehand what he has to receive. In the second place, the premium at which the stocks will stand will be more moderate; and, in the third place, there will be a considerable income which must altogether disappear before the Preference dividend will be endangered. Suppose, for example, that the Ordinary stock of a railway Company amounts to 10 millions, and that the net annual income for a series of years has amounted to 550,000l. This would give an average dividend of 5½ per cent. And now suppose that the whole stock is divided into 10 millions of Converted Preference and 10 millions of Converted Deferred, the former being entitled to a fixed annual dividend of 4 per cent. Then 400,000l. a year would go to the Preference shareholders and 150,000l. a year to the Deferred shareholders. Therefore, the 150,000l. must be lost altogether before the dividend of the Preferred holders would be affected. Such a stock would evidently suit the cautious investor, and he would probably be content to buy it as long as it yields him 3½ per cent. On conversion, then, it is reasonable to assume that investors as a body will sell the Deferred stocks, so as to increase their holdings of the Preferred. This will cause in the beginning an undue fall of the Deferred, and we may safely assume that the Deferred will then be bought largely by speculative investors; capitalists, that is, who do not live upon their dividends, and who look for their profits rather to a rise in the capital value of their investments than to the rate of return. Deferred stock will also be bought eagerly by speculators pure and simple, to whom the fluctuations in the dividend would recommend it. After a

while, therefore, the Deferred stock will rise equally with the Preferred. This being the probable course of events, it is reasonable to expect that as soon as the money market becomes somewhat easier there will again be active buying of the stocks that are about to be converted.

The resignation of Señor Uriburu, the Argentine Finance Minister, has filled the holders of Argentine securities with apprehension, and caused a fall in the securities, especially in Cédulas. A couple of months ago the discontent of the working classes and the pressure of the capitalist classes brought about a change of Ministry, and Señor Uriburu undertook to put a stop to the corruption which is so scandalously prevalent in the Republic, and to introduce the reforms necessary to prevent a dangerous crisis. In his war against corruption the Finance Minister came to the conclusion that it was necessary to remove the Directors of the National Bank, and he was supported in the decision by all his colleagues. The President, however, refused his assent, and the Finance Minister thereupon resigned. The first consequence is the breaking off of the negotiations for a new loan to the Argentine Republic and the suspension of many other plans that were in preparation. It would be out of place here to discuss the political situation thus created. But it seems incredible that the President can persevere in a policy which would close the markets of Europe against him, and would add greatly to the distresses of the working classes. Meantime the incident is an unpleasant reminder to investors that the financial crisis with which they are face to face may be aggravated by street disturbances. On the resignation of the Minister, the premium went up from a little over 120 per cent. to about 160 per cent., and though there has been since a decline, it will probably advance again, unless an arrangement with the great European financial houses is arrived at. In any case, the financial condition of the Republic is very bad. Credit has received such a shock that even men whose solvency is beyond suspicion find it difficult to get accommodation, though they are willing to pay almost any rates that may be asked, and offer security two or three times greater than the loans they require.

The report of the committee of inquiry presented at an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of Allsopp's, Limited, on Thursday is considered unsatisfactory by the market, although it exonerates the vendors from the charges made against them, and speaks hopefully of the future. It, however, recommends economy in working expenses. An amendment was carried declaring the price paid too high, and inviting the vendors to return the excess. The stock was flat in consequence.

PADDY'S PLAYTHINGS.

LITTLE Paddy took a bottle
That had once contained champagne,
Poured in powder to the throttle,
Corked it tightly up again.

Little Pat, of rust corrosive
Having cleansed an axle-box,
Charged it with a mild explosive,
Such as gives but gentle shocks.

Little Paddy, what does *he* do
With some feet of leaden pipe,
But construct a child's torpedo
Of a strictly harmless type.

Then this little sportive Paddy,
Armed with these ingenious toys,
Counsel took, light-hearted laddie,
With some other merry boys.

Nor delayed they long devising
Many laughter-moving means,
Methods humorous and surprising,
Of employing these machines.

Such as placing them at nightfall
(Not for serious mischief, still
Perhaps in hopes the building might fall)
On an agent's window-sill.

Such as flinging them discreetly,
As a ball a schoolboy "pegs,"
So as just to land them neatly
All among policemen's legs.

Thus did Pat; and then his teachers
One and all benignly smiled,
Politicians, priests, and preachers,
On the amiable child.

"See," cried each Gladstonian backer,
"What we have redeemed him from!
Now he flings the innocuous cracker
And eschews the deadly bomb."

One alone, a statesman portly,
Swelled at first the approving shout,
Echoed loud the praise—but shortly
Paused, as struck with sudden doubt.

"Bombs and crackers!" mused the King-born;

"But should I have liked to see
Some such harmless little thing borne
In the hands that threatened me?"

"If I oughtn't to have minded,
Then I may have looked, you know,
With an eye proportion-blinded
On the things that scared me so.

"Crackers may be bombs so nearly
That one might mistake them both—
P'raps the bombs I fanked were merely
Crackers 'of a larger growth.'"

REVIEWS.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA AND SIR THOMAS MORE.*

A REPRINT of Wynkyn de Worde is always acceptable, and a translation by Sir Thomas More has a value both to students of history, literature, and language. There is much to be learned from the original title of the book before us:—"Here is conteyned the life of Johan Pico Erle of Mirandula a grete lord of Italy an excellent connyng man in all sciences and vertuous of lyvyng. With divers epistles and other workes of y^e sayd Johan Pico full of grete science vertus and wysedome whose life and werkes bene worthy and dygne to be redde and often to be had in memorye." The words themselves carry us into the middle of the literary and religious movement of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They suggest possibilities that never were realized; they recall a phase of culture which has all the charm attaching to unsuccessful effort. Pico and his translator alike belonged to the class of men who were not strong enough to cope with the actual world in which they lived. Both were men of great ideas and high aspirations; both were pioneers of a new civilization. But the world did not advance along the quiet lines of intellectual progress which they laid down. Both were carried from their moorings and hurried into the stormy sea which they wished to avoid.

There is a pathos about the connexion of two such men; and the chief interest attaching to More's translation of the *Life of Pico* lies in tracing the bonds which united him with his hero. Strange to say, this is a point which Mr. Rigg, in his Introduction, has entirely neglected. He has confined himself to supplementing the biographical information about Pico which the original *Life* contains; and to this he has added some information about Pico's philosophy. But he has nothing to say about More, or the reasons which led More to undertake his translation. We are grateful to Mr. Rigg for what he has done, especially for the abstract which he has given us of Pico's philosophical writings. It is no slight matter to read the books of the Platonists of the Italian Renaissance. They did not think consecutively, and there is no arrangement to guide us to the central points of their arguments. It is a difficult task to condense their meaning, and there is a great temptation to discover in their abundant suggestiveness exactly such principles as the reader wishes to find. Mr. Rigg has escaped this temptation, and neither depreciates Pico nor unduly extols him. He sees the difficulty which beset those who wished to extricate themselves from the forms of the Aristotelian method, and revelled in Platonism without understanding it, confounding the functions of reason and imagination in the process of thought. Mr. Rigg has made a valuable contribution to the study of Pico's philosophy, and it is perhaps ungrateful to say that it would have gained in value if it had shown more knowledge of Ficino and Gemistos Plethon, who was the founder of the school.

We do not, however, propose to enter upon Pico's philosophical writings, which were little known to More. It was not the works, but the life and temper, of the man which attracted More's respect. At the age of twenty-two Pico had the reputation of being the most learned man in Italy. He had a prodigious memory and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. He rushed from one University to another, awakening universal admiration. It was a time of great enterprises, a time in which the power of a strong personality was sure to meet with recognition. Pico was in all things a child of his age, and knew no reason why he should not achieve in the realm of knowledge what he saw his contemporaries pursuing in politics. In the spirit of a knight-errant he went forth to do battle for truth, and he was resolved that his challenge should be comprehensive. In 1486 he declared himself ready to maintain at Rome against all comers nine hundred propositions, ranging over the whole field of knowledge. Moreover, with true chivalry, he offered to pay the expenses of all scholars whose poverty would otherwise be a bar to their presence. It was probably through caution rather than suspicion that Pope Innocent VIII. interfered to prevent this literary tourney. Any ruler in those days would have quailed before the thought of the amount of profitless talk, of wild speculation, of per-

* *Life of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola*. Translated from the Latin, by Sir Thomas More. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. M. Rigg. London: Nutt. 1890.

sonal animosity, and of popular excitement which would have followed the execution of this project. Some of Pico's propositions were pronounced heretical, and when Pico wrote hastily in their defence, it was judged wise at the Papal Court to clip the wings of one who aspired to soar so highly. He was detained at Rome for some time while his explanations were under examination. The investigation was prolonged according to the leisurely methods of the Roman procedure, and Pico was put upon his good behaviour. He was not acquitted till 1493.

This was a serious blow to Pico's enthusiastic spirit. He had thought that the excellence of his intentions was beyond suspicion, and it seemed to him quite natural that he should invent for himself the position of intellectual dictator of Europe. It had never occurred to him that the existence of such a personage was of doubtful expediency. Like all enthusiasts, Pico was helpless before organized opposition; for he had nothing to set against it. He had no desire to oppose existing institutions, and was an obedient son of the Church. His experience consequently chastened him, and drove him to examine his motives. He became conscious that vain-glory had influenced him more than a desire to promote the advance of knowledge. He discovered that it was well that the world could not be taken by storm, and he resigned himself cheerfully to a life of patient service. To a sensitive mind misrepresentation was a cause of much suffering, and Pico's sorrows developed genuine piety. He abandoned his ambitious projects and learned the limits of man's capacities. He lived a quiet life, mostly at Florence, and loved to hold converse about high things with men like-minded to himself. He was struck by the spiritual force of Savonarola, and was much attracted by him. But Pico's turn of mind was meditative rather than practical. He lent no aid to Savonarola's projects; if he learned to recognize the evils of the statecraft of Lorenzo de' Medici, he hesitated to ally himself with Savonarola's plan of regenerating Florence as a theocracy by the aid of France and his own personal influence. Savonarola ardently desired to enrol Pico as a brother of S. Marco; but Pico hesitated, and only after his death could Savonarola clothe him with a friar's habit, in which he was buried. It is a significant sign of the antagonism between the temperament of the man of action and that of the man of thought, that Savonarola preached a sermon after Pico's death in which he said that he at first doubted if a man could be saved who had refused to listen to a manifest call of God. Only a vision of Pico being borne by angels convinced him that his friend at least had merited purgatorial cleansing.

Thus Pico was a man whose intellectual audacity made him suspicious to the maintainers of the existing system of society; while the fact that he moved in an intellectual atmosphere rendered him at once sympathetic with the ideal objects of the practical reformer and dubious about the means by which he hoped to attain his ends. His position was one which is familiar enough in the generation which succeeded him. But Pico's early death, at the age of thirty-two, before actual opposition of parties broke out in Florence, left his character impressive by its consistency and untried by conflict with the realities of life. Pico had felt the various impulses of thought which circled round him in his early days. He dreamed of a reconciliation which was to be embodied in his own person, and was to be wrought out by his teaching. When this failed on a large scale he resumed his work on a small scale, with a humble mind and a truer appreciation of the nature of the problem. He learned that it was vain for wisdom to "strive and cry and lift up its voice in the streets." He settled down to the task of working out in a quiet life the results of a large view of man, and his relations to God and the world. He died before he was definitely called to range himself on one side or the other in the inevitable struggle between opposing tendencies of thought.

It is significant that such a life and such a character should have attracted More's attention in the days of his early manhood. Roper tells us that More, for a time, hesitated between a clerical life and the service of God as a layman. When he determined to run the risks of a secular life, he sought to strengthen his good resolutions by the choice of a conspicuous example which he might imitate. After passing in survey before himself those whose conditions most nearly resembled his own, he fixed upon Pico as a man equally renowned for learning, piety, and moral uprightness. With a view of making himself more familiar with Pico's character, he translated into English his nephew's biography and some of Pico's devotional writings; he did this for his own use, and not with any view to publication. There could not be a more striking testimony to the charm of Pico's character, or to the tendencies of English thought at the time. More was ready to begin where Pico left off; he did not need the process of conversion which Pico had passed through. He had no enthusiastic hope of conquering the world, and was free from the temptation of vain-glory; but he needed the example of a resolute endeavour to work out in a quiet and useful life the results of a pursuit of knowledge and a struggle to discover the supreme good. It was not Pico as a scholar whom he wished to follow, but Pico as a man; or rather Pico as an example how the scholar and the man may be blended to form a striking personality. More knew how high aims are lowered by the adjustments and economies demanded by practical life. He knew the temptations which awaited him, and he strove to fortify himself against them. In this he showed a remarkable knowledge of self, and we cannot but regret that Pico had not been able to

set him an example which would have supported him when the crisis came. For it is one of the saddest things in history that More was not true to his principles. He allowed himself to be involved in unrighteous politics; he triumphed over Wolsey in his fall, though no man knew better than he how unjust were the charges against him. It is true that in these things he followed the fashion of his times; but More is not a man in defence of whom it can be pleaded that he went with the multitude to do evil; for he knew that it was evil, while the multitude frankly pursued self-interest. Again, More set forth in his *Utopia* the principle of toleration and sang the praises of liberty; he laid down his pen and turned to the persecution of heretics. He knew the dignity and sacredness of the pursuit of truth; yet as a controversialist he steeped his pen in gall, and stands morally on a lower level than John Frith, whom he hounded to the stake. In these things More sinned against light and was untrue to his best knowledge. He wrote out for his own use in the beginning of his life the maxims of Pico, and amongst them one which unhappily he soon forgot:—

He said that such disputacions greatly profited as were exercised with a peasyble mynde to th' enserchynge of the treuth in secrete company without grete audience: but he said that those dispiciens dyd grete hurte y^e were holden openly to th' ostentacion of lernynge and to wyne the favours of the commune people and the commendacyon of fooles. He thought that utterly hit could unneeth be but that with the desyre of worship (whiche these gaynye disputers gape after) there is with an inseparable bonde annexed the appetit of his confusyon and rebuke whome they argue with, which appetyte is a dedly wounde to y^e soule and a mortall poyson to charitie.

For a time More threw to the winds all his principles, and plunged into the strife around him without any definite object of pursuit. At last he found himself at a point where he could go no further; but the point was arbitrarily chosen, and the exact question for which More went to the block was scarcely worthy of the sacrifice of a philosopher. More drifted till he could drift no longer; then he went back to his first principles, but could only gather round him the shreds of a hopelessly-tattered dignity. Yet, tattered as it was, men, then and since, recognized the dignity, and there is nowadays a tendency to forgive and forget the tatters. This forgiveness, however, confounds the moral teaching of history. It is often asked, Why did the humane theology of men of culture fail to produce its effect in the fifteenth century? The answer generally given is, that it was swept away by the rising tide of popular excitement; and then, we are told, that only coarse methods are really effective in human affairs. Another answer may be given, that the men of enlightenment were not true to their principles, that the wisdom of the study was not transferred in its integrity to active life. The victory is not given to the irresolute, and principles which are not consistently applied cannot even be said to have failed, because they did not really exist. We can read More's ideal of life in the example which he chose to put before himself, and we can compare it with More's actual achievements. There is much to be learned by the comparison.

A TALE TO A GRANDMOTHER.*

SPRINGLE was in Cumberland, and there was a school there. Raymond Brackley, the hero of *Schoolboy Truth and Honour*, had the felicity to be educated at Springle. He was sixteen years old, and he went to Springle at Easter. Mr. Arthur Holland Biggs traces the thrilling narrative of his tempestuous career through two terms, and leaves him under his family roof-tree in Somersetshire at the following Christmas. The master of the school was a Mr. Marston, and besides being a person of versatile enterprise, he possessed a surprising voice, which vibrated with great regularity to the rapidly changing emotions of his noble soul. When he summoned the whole school together for the purpose of publicly expelling Raymond Brackley—which he did about every six weeks, on the average—he would speak in "a low, sad voice." When it began to appear, as it always did, that Raymond was the soul of honour, and the victim of a conspiracy, he would raise it to "a higher pitch of anger that sounded terrible." Anon his "voice sounded like coming thunder," after which "the thunder grew more ominous and rose almost to a roar." When the bad boy began to confess his iniquity, "punishment was pronounced by the head-master in a terrible growl of anger"; and when the culprit answered impudently, Mr. Marston "interrupted him by shrieking out, 'Stop that, you infamous cheat and scoundrel!'" When he got to "the last clause of this punishment" he "began in a low growling tone, which rose to an ominous roar of rage," and eventually his voice "rose to a sharp and piercing yell as he beat his fist several times down on the desk and glared at the boy whose character he was revealing." These extracts all come out of five consecutive pages; and it is not surprising to learn that, on another occasion, he addressed another miscreant "in a voice there was no trifling with." The boys of Springle varied in age from eighteen to nine years; but in Mr. André's pictures, which are of a weird fearfulness rarely attained even in little books with gilt pages, they appear to run rather from eight to six, and we know from the text that

* *Schoolboy Truth and Honour. A Story for Boys.* By Arthur Holland Biggs. With 4 Illustrations by R. André. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

some of those depicted were among the oldest and tallest in the school. For them the brazen-throated master provided great variety of healthy amusement. We have accounts, in full detail, of a cricket-match, a regatta, a football-match, and a skating competition.

The cricket-match was against a neighbouring school, of which there were "several" in the neighbourhood, called Eldon. When Eldon went in a friend of Raymond's named Dale, who was bowling, "was very successful, and dismissed fellow after fellow of the Eldonian eleven to the pavilion," while the man at the other end "did not take many wickets." But, in spite of "very few runs being made" off either bowler, an Eldon boy called Lackridge "was knocking up an heroic score. In vain Dale bowled ball after ball straight at the wicket. Lackridge hit them all over the ground, over the pavilion, into the surrounding fields and many other places." The Springle captain "saw that something must be done"; changed the bowling, and "placed fellows far out to catch the hard hits; but that also had no effect, for the fellows did not care to catch the balls, being chary as to their hands." In spite of this cautious method of playing at cricket, Springle managed to secure a glorious victory; the boy who bowled Lackridge, with a lob which had "a violent twist," and afterwards made the winning run, attaining the distinction of getting his colours, which were duly "rubbed in." For "when a boy at school plays well enough in matches, either in cricket or football, to merit his 'colours,' he is attacked by the whole team of the school, who sit on him and scrub his head with their knuckles; sometimes very hard scrubbing it is, too."

The regatta was no less sporting an event than the cricket-match. Being in Cumberland, Springle was situated on a lake, six miles long and three miles across, with an island "a mile in circumference" in the middle of it. It was, therefore, easy for three crews from the school, four from rival schools, and one from the town of Springle to hire eight-oared boats and row for a kind of Grand Challenge Cup with four boats in the first round. Of course, the Springle boat with Raymond and his friends in it won the race (over a three-mile course), and, of course, also in their heat against the next best boat they let the other boat get a length in front within "a hundred yards or less" of the winning-post. "The Springle boys [on the shore] became desperate, especially as their comrades did not seem to be exerting themselves in the least; in vain they shouted, bidding them remember that the honour of the school was at stake." They forgot that they were watching a race in a story-book, and that the danger of defeat was only apparent. In plenty of time "Lockwood, the stroke of the upper studies' boat, gave a slight whistle and immediately his crew bent hard to their oars, and easily caught up and passed their astonished rival, winning by about half a length." On the same day the same boys won the other aquatic events, such as the diving-match and swimming-race, the latter falling to Raymond, who "was a very good swimmer, having often swum in the river and the sea near his home, and he had, unconsciously, become very expert, and could outstrip many boys of his own age, and many older."

As has been already indicated, the careers of Raymond Brackley and his young friends were chequered by the attempts of two wicked boys to disgrace them. First there was Granard. He stole a cash-box containing 50*l.* 10*s.*, helped himself to five shillings, deposited the box, the rest of the money, and a note containing a full confession, with an old woman living by the lake, and caused suspicion to fall upon Raymond and his two friends. The head-master having summoned the school together, announced that he strongly suspected Raymond & Co. of the theft, but could not prove it, and added huskily, "though my trust in these three has never before been shaken, yet must I punish them till more is found out." Which he did, and things went on much as usual for a few weeks. During this time the school journal appeared, containing an advertisement inserted by the old woman, describing the box as "Found," and ingenuously promising that "any one claiming it" could "have it returned," and containing also a contribution collected by the editor from Granard's table, which was in these words—"Owed a debt to Jane Cooke's to the amount of 5*s.* Stole enough to pay this off, and am now straight.—A. C. G." Granard's initials were A. C., but no one thought much of it until one day Raymond answered the old woman's advertisement, and had the box, containing Granard's confession, "returned" to him. She was an odd old woman, and called Raymond and his schoolfellows "sires" every time she spoke to them. Mr. Marston "raised his voice to a shrill and piercing shriek of rage" and expelled Granard. A hardly less indiscreet criminal was, however, left behind, and his name was Stockton. Mr. Marston declared his intention of giving a prize, and announced many weeks beforehand that "he would pick his questions from a certain examination in preliminary law that had just then been held in the country," and added that any one who procured those questions to see beforehand what they were would be a wicked cheat. Stockton took the palpable hint, and wrote to the expelled Granard for the papers. Granard brought them, and Stockton met him in a public-house, and opened the window, and selected the moment when Raymond and an under-master were passing close outside to take up the documents, observing, "Ah, ha! the forbidden papers." By way of making assurance doubly sure, Granard a few minutes later, when Brackley's particular friend was passing the window, said, "If these plans are successful, just drop me a line when Brackley is altogether

ruined; I should like to know." Not unnaturally the plans miscarried, and Mr. Marston "thundered out" Stockton's "doom," "awing the schoolboys, his companions, by his voice." Not the least attractive part of this surprising story is this passage, printed next after the title-page:—"This, my first story, is dedicated to my grandmother."

MACAULAY'S HERODOTUS.*

THIS book ought to have a wide welcome. A translation of Herodotus, adequate to the purposes of the ordinary reader and published in a convenient form, has long been a manifest want in the English library; and of Mr. Macaulay's version we may say at once that, to the degree which can be expected, it is entirely successful. All students of Greek or of the ancient world in any aspect will find it convenient to provide themselves with these two volumes.

Successful, we say, to the extent which can fairly be expected; for perhaps no probable achievement in this field could be praised at all if we insisted on measuring it by the highest standard conceivable. It is conceivable, easily conceivable, as a mere *εὖχρη* of the imagination, that a translation of Herodotus should make such an addition to the literature of England as is not made once in a century by original authorship, and that nothing less than *The Pilgrim's Progress* should be fit to keep it company. It is in the same sense conceivable that within the next generation Europe will produce an epic poem worth serious notice; and the one event is as much to be expected or counted upon as the other. Such an achievement Mr. Macaulay has not attained, and perhaps not sought; but his representation of his author is faithful and readable, quite enough in the circumstances to deserve praise and thanks. The many who want to know what Herodotus says about this and that may find it here, not deformed either by negligence or pedantry; those who desire to enjoy the exact flavour of him will have to learn the Greek still, and probably at all times hereafter.

What is the source of our pleasure in Herodotus? Indefinable it is of course, like all pleasure; but something we may say of it to show how peculiarly hard it is of transference or translation. Not in the range of the topics, or in the world-wide eternal interest of that struggle of Hellenism and barbarism which is the principal theme—not in these, which are in a certain sense transferable, lies the charm, nor only in the quick, direct, and vivid response of the writer's imagination and sympathy to everything on earth, which also might be copied, though hardly. It is after all, here if anywhere, the style which is the man; and the style is Greek of the Greeks. Not to one man in ten thousand does the delicate art of composing come without painful discipline; and in most ages, if that ten-thousandth man is born, the schools will not and cannot let him grow. The schooling leaves its mark; the complex result of culture is never so worked into the texture of the mind that the process is not visible in the fabric. The style of almost all writers, great and small, is indeed the writer's self, but visibly mixed with divers ingredients imperfectly assimilated. It is the essential distinction of Herodotus that he has a manner at once refined and absolutely natural. His training, whatever it was, is so perfectly taken into the constitution of a mind originally gifted with the art of speech, that nothing factitious can be felt or suspected; and to read Herodotus may really be compared to the pleasure of hearing good talk, a comparison to which most literature cannot be subjected by any one with a taste for talk without exasperation and laughter. Greek writers as a class sustain it better than others, either because they took more pains to digest and assimilate their acquisitions, or because they did it more easily; at all events because they did it. And in this matter Herodotus is first of the Greeks, perhaps, if we must look for reasons, from the happiness of being born when there was just art enough in the air, and not too much.

What a task then to transfer from the Greek of Herodotus to English, not merely the author's sense in a fairly idiomatic form, but the very air of him and his noble ease! It may well be doubted whether there is any Herodotean English. Bunyan, in whose case a very peculiar history reproduced in an artificial age something like the condition of primitive art, is perhaps as near as any; and to imitate Bunyan is a pretty hopeless attempt. If any one doubts it, let him read the story of Giant Despair and then try. Bunyan moreover is a little too archaic, and at times too uncouth; and how is one to prune, to weed, and to smooth him without losing the effect? Herodotus, as Mr. Macaulay says, is not really archaic, and not in the least uncouth. Defoe would be in this respect a better model, but Defoe sometimes has a certain "commonness" which is not Herodotean. However we must now come to Mr. Macaulay's version, and leave this general speculation, though the intention of it is only to his advantage.

Here is a bit of story which every one knows, as it appears in this translation (Herod. 3. 40):—

Now Amasis, as may be supposed, did not fail to perceive that Polycrates was very greatly fortunate, and it was to him an object of concern; and as much more good fortune yet continued to come to Polycrates, he wrote upon a paper these words and sent them to Samos:—"Amasis to Polycrates thus saith: It is a pleasant thing indeed to hear that one who is a friend

* *The History of Herodotus*. Translated into English by G. C. Macaulay, M.A., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

and guest is faring well; yet to me thy great good fortune is not pleasing, since I know that the Divinity is jealous; and I think that I desire, both for myself and for those about whom I have care, that in some of our affairs we should be prosperous and in others should fail, and thus go through life alternately faring well and ill, rather than that we should be prosperous in all things; for never yet did I hear tell of any one who was prosperous in all things and did not come to an utterly evil end at the last."

This is a fair specimen, and very sound work it is. Here and there are the inevitable failures of all translation, such as "that the Divinity is jealous" by the side of *τὸ θεῖον ὡς ἐστὶ φθονερόν*, though it might puzzle any one to do better in a language without inflexions, and therefore without the subtle neuter of the Greek. Yet that, beyond these little things, something is wanting to the whole, will be plain enough to any one who cares for Herodotus, however unable he might be to supply it. Nor is it hard to say in a general way what it is that is wanting; it is ease. The English is a little, only a very little, stiff, not more so than almost all translations; it would be hard to make it supple without loss of fidelity; and yet—a Herodotus even a little stiff is just not the Herodotus we want to read. Look at *ἡδὲ μὲν πυνθανέσθαι ἀνδρᾶ φίλον καὶ ξείνον ἐν πράσσοντι*. What is to be done with *ξείνον*? Are we to give an English substantive for it, and if so, what other substantive but *guest*? *Guest*, or *guest-friend*, is the traditional version. Yet it is plain enough that to the common ear *guest* carries associations which have nothing whatever to do with this passage and cannot be brought into it without just a touch of artificiality. Then see again the antitheses which begin at "in some of our affairs." They are all in the Greek and play in it freely; but they do not play quite freely in the English. If they went out, we should say the version was loose; if they stay, well, somehow we want to get back to the original. In many a writer we should not so much care; most writers have enough buckram about them to be not much the worse of a thicker coat. But Herodotus is otherwise dressed. We do not at all mean that any one will do better than Mr. Macaulay; certainly we are not going to try; only there is something, perhaps impossible, which is not yet done.

To the sense of Herodotus Mr. Macaulay is very faithful. In the whole story of Polycrates minute examination will scarcely raise a question, unless it were to the note upon *ἐς Αἴγυπτον ἐπέθηκε*, "he despatched it (the letter) into Egypt"; the version is near enough, but the explanation "delivered it (to a messenger to convey) into Egypt" is not very helpful. Blakesley is more lucid when he says, "The literal meaning would be 'he put on it the address To Egypt,' and this is probably the origin of the idiom." In the long and testing passage about Scythian customs (4. 59 &c.) we have hunted for mistakes with scarcely any significant result. About the Scythian holy places of Ares (not exactly "temples," nor does *ἱερόν* mean "temple"), the translator writes, "Upon this pile (of brushwood) each people has an ancient iron sword set up" (4. 62). This is a misrepresentation and, though small, not quite unimportant. The Greek has *ἐπὶ τοῦτον δὲ τοῦ ὄγκου ἀκινάκης σιδήρεος ἱδρυται ἀρχαῖος ἐκίστοισι*, where the position of the word *ἀρχαῖος* precludes the translator's interpretation. The true explanation is furnished by the preceding context, where *ἀρχαῖα* or *ἀρχία ἐκίστοισι* is used for the "districts of government," which had each their separate sanctuaries. Referring to this *ἀρχαῖος ἐκίστοισι* means that the sword was set there "for the *ἀρχή*"—i.e. as representing, by a religious symbol, the common authority of the district. In chap. 66 we read that "those of them who have slain a very great number of men drink with two cups together at the same time." Herodotus does not commit the distinguished warriors to this rather uncomfortable feat, but merely says that at the solemn drinking they "received two measures of wine together," instead of one measure only. When the King of the Scythians was sick, the diviners pitched upon a victim, "naming one person or another, as it may chance," *λέγοντες τῶν δαῖτων τὸν ἂν δὴ λέγωσι*. The blind cruelty of their proceeding is not so visible if "they name," as the translator says, "one of the citizens, whosoever it may happen to be." At the feasting of a corpse (chap. 73) the entertainer *τῷ νεκρῷ πάντων παρατίθει τῶν καὶ τοῖσι ἄλλοις*, which is evidently not represented by "before the corpse they serve up of all things about the same quantity as before the others." Indeed unless the translator had another reading, which we cannot discover, this is for once a blunder; but such are extremely rare.

In the chapter on the Scythian methods of divination the translation does not always convey to us a clear meaning; but neither, we are bound to say, does the original, the defect lying, no doubt, in our ignorance of that which Herodotus assumes to be familiar. But in reading the words *τὰς ῥάβδους ὅπως συνελέουσιν καὶ αὐτὸς κατὰ μίαν συνιθεῖσι*, the translation "they roll the rods together again, and after that they place them in order a second time one by one" should be dismissed, and the correct version "and put them again together in one bundle" should be promoted from the note into which it is banished. This alone satisfies the word *συνιθεῖσι*. In the method of prophecy by the bark of the linden-tree, the man "having divided the linden-bark into three strips, *twists them together in his fingers* and untwists them again, and as he does this he utters the oracle." According to the Greek—*δραπέλων ἐν τοῖσι δακτύλοις τοῖσι ἰωνροῦ*—the consulting person rather "twists the bark in and out between his fingers," though what difference this would make to the magic value of the operation we do not pretend to say.

Such is the total harvest which we have gleaned from many

pages of exceptionally doubtful matter. We have gone into these detailed objections, some of which the translator might doubtless traverse or refute, only to show that we do not speak at random in praising the work. It is better, as well as more convenient for reference, than any predecessor. It is trustworthy and readable. Many readers we cordially wish it, and hope that they will learn from it to read and enjoy their Herodotus.

NOVELS.*

THERE are good points in *Little Miss Colwyn*. The interest is not always successfully focussed, but it is meant to centre round a girl's struggles to get her living and to help those about her; and this in itself is so praiseworthy that it inclines one to read on if only to be in at the triumph which one feels sure to be politely awaiting her at the end of the third volume. Then it is a story that makes no attempt at being wise or witty or wicked, or anything at all but well meaning and moderately amusing. It is obviously intended to be ordered from the circulating library, read, and forgotten, just as a commonplace person seems to have been intended to come into the world to stay a little time pleasantly, or at least inoffensively, and then to go out of it again. There are two heroines; the chief one, who gives her name to the book, is described as "a little brown thing of no particular importance"; the second one, Margaret Adair, as "a beauty, an heiress, and the only daughter of people who thought themselves very important indeed." Of course the reader makes up his or probably her mind that the former will get the best of it, if not all the way through, at any rate in the end, especially that she will carry off all the lovers, and that the beauty and heiress will get the worst of it. But it is contrariwise; the latter marries a lord, though a stupid one, while the poor "little brown thing" is only treated to a widower of low descent and uncertain principles. This is hard on Miss Colwyn; indeed, she gets a wearing time of it altogether, for she is neglected by her friend the beauty, through whose rather inconsiderate friendship she has been forced to resign her situation as a pupil-teacher, snubbed by that young lady's mother, worried by her own family, and her love-affairs are tame and unsatisfactory. We never came across a novel with such a dearth of eligible young men in love with the heroine. There is a baronet, to be sure, slightly but not badly drawn, who proposes to Miss Adair because he loves her, and on being refused proposes to Little Miss Colwyn, not because he loves her, but because he thinks she will make him a good wife. She, however, very improperly refuses him; so he goes and marries a brewer's daughter. Improperly, for it is the duty of a heroine to marry the best *parti* in the book, especially if he happens to be also the best man all round; but Miss Colwyn thinks differently. Her next and, as far as we are permitted to know, only other lover has also previously lost his heart to the beautiful Miss Adair, besides having already a wife of an undesirable description, whom he at one time thought to be dead and at another divorced; but he is not quite sure that she is either, and apparently does not much care, which is not very nice or even very moral of him, since he wants to marry again. He, however, barely makes love to the heroine at all; he is too much taken up with himself and his son (to whom he is not a model father) and his meetings with the beauty and his inconvenient wife to have time for any one else. It is only in the last pages, when his wife is safely buried at last and the beauty married to her lord, that it occurs to him to propose to Miss Colwyn, and then he does so more because it has been suggested to him, and he is aware of her admirable qualities, than from any more romantic feeling; indeed, if we may judge from Miss Sergeant's story, admirable qualities rather stand in the way of romance. He can hardly be called a good match, for, besides having frittered away his feelings in other directions, and being rather shaky in his principles, he has apparently nothing a year of his own, and he is the son of a ploughman and a scullery-maid, once a barmaid, who ends her days by trying to burn up her daughter-in-law. He has been brought up to suppose himself to be Mr. Wyvis Brand, of Brand Hall, but he was quite mistaken. This is surely unnecessarily cruel. The beauty might have jilted him without the introduction of so ugly a parentage, or he might at least have been reinstated in the position he had occupied all his life, after the fashion of the babe who is changed at nurse. But no. Son of ploughman and scullery-maid he is discovered to be, and so he remains for all time. By the way, his mother began her career as a barmaid; does a young lady of that exalted rank ever demean herself to that of a scullery-maid? We should have thought not, but women are kittle cattle, and there's no knowing where they will stoop nor how they will rise. There are few pleasant people in the book except Little Miss Colwyn herself, and her father the doctor; but the former is a more sensible heroine than one usually comes across, and her story is not bad reading, in spite of some absurdities with which it is linked. There is one rather pleasant young man, too, though we do not

* *Little Miss Colwyn*. By Adeline Sergeant. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited.

Her Three Lovers. By Alice M. Diehl. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

The Last of the Cornets. A Novel. By Colonel Rowan Hamilton. 2 vols. London: F. V. White & Co.

see much of him. He is called Cuthbert Brand, and is brother to the unfortunate Wyvis. At first, when he makes acquaintance with Little Miss Colwyn's sister, Nora, out in the open, and without much ado begins a conversation with her, we were afraid that he was not going to be very gentlemanlike; but he turns out better than might have been expected. Perhaps there was some excuse for him; for Nora was sitting on a fence looking at herself in a pocket looking-glass—and no doubt this surprised him. But the ways of the novel-world and its people are often surprising and vastly different from the real world and its people. After a time one gets to understand this, and to take things calmly.

There is not much to be said for *Her Three Lovers*, though there is here and there dramatic grouping in it which suggests that, with some turning and twisting, it might be made into a play of a certain type. The heroine is rather nice till she becomes an heiress; then she is rather tiresome, and her conduct to the aunt who has brought her up, and worked hard to do it, leaves much to be desired. The hero, who supposed himself to be the son of a well-to-do clergyman, turns out to be somebody quite different, after the manner of *Little Miss Colwyn's* hero; only in this case he gets half a million of money to console him for a father who has a not too pleasant history. But it is impossible to care what he has or has not, for he is a selfish, insufferable young man, the slave of his temper and awayed by any wind that blows. The heroine has a lucky escape when he marries the other heiress—for there are two. Heiresses seem to abound just now in novels; it would be interesting to know if this is mere reflection, and they are also plentiful in reality. The second heiress in *Her Three Lovers* is a remarkable young woman. She is very beautiful, and engaged to a man to whose disadvantage we hear nothing. She sees the weak and vacillating hero, promptly throws herself at his head, and behaves altogether in a manner that would have disgusted any sensible man; but Arthur Lonsdale is far from being one, so it does not matter. She marries him, too, and on her wedding-day is seized with an illness that ultimately turns to paralysis. This, at the end of the book, and when she had at least proved herself unworldly enough, is surely unkind. But Mrs. Diehl likes to be unkind; otherwise, when she has married her heroine, also at the end of the book, and after she has once been nearly drowned, and for a long time very ill, why should we be told that a year after her marriage she nearly died of her first baby? The story is over, nothing turns on the baby or the nearly-dying of its mother; it is mere hard-heartedness. But there are two good characters in the story. One is an old maid, a gentlewoman turned dressmaker, not, after the modern fashion, in Regent Street, under a fancy name, in the midst of picturesque surroundings, giving afternoon tea to fashionable dames while beautiful garments are discussed, but quietly and unobtrusively in a country place where her history is known and there must have been many mortifications to encounter. She has a brother—a ne'er-do-well and a forger—who has disappeared years before. Suddenly he turns up; but she will have nothing to do with him, has no good word for him; he goes, and she never sees him again. Silently and secretly the old maid repents her coldness, but only once does she betray herself. "He came here acting the poor sailor. . . . If he had come rich I would have had nothing to do with him either; but I do wish he had not died." The other is a retriever, blind of one eye, who saves the heroine from drowning; and he is a really pathetic creation. He is a good water-dog, fond of a swim, "especially," says his caretaker, "when there's something like a sea on." He has an aversion to boats. "I don't know if ever when he was a pup he had the care of a boat, and got floated out to sea, and picked up when he was nigh starved to death; but boats is p'isin to him." His master went to sea, leaving him behind, and for weeks he never left the quay; "nought would tempt him away—not the primest bit of butcher's meat. He got that thin his coat hung on him more like a curtain than a skin. He used to prick up his ears and look sharp at everybody that comed and went; then down would go his ears, and a sort of disappointed look come into his eyes, and he'd slink right away to the end of the quay, and lie staring out at sea. Stare! I never see a dog stare like that—sunshine, moonlight, those eyes of his was allers on the watch. It was that, miss—so a vet., a clever vet. too, says—as is what brought the disease to his eyes." *Her Three Lovers* is worth reading for the doggie's sake.

The *Last of the Cornets* is pleasant reading in its way, but it is hardly a novel. Story, virtually, there is none in the first volume: the author merely seems to be writing down an account of people he met years ago, things he saw, and the impressions they made upon him, and to be doing it chiefly for his own satisfaction. The ordinary reader will probably skip through the pages quickly enough, though loungers at military clubs, who remember times as they were thirty or forty years ago, may linger over them. There is a foot-note in one instance, vouching for the authenticity of a bear incident; but this was quite unnecessary, since it is hard not to believe in the authenticity of most that the author relates. In the second volume we get at the story, which is of how one Mat O'Halloran forged a cheque, and the *Last of the Cornets*, Allan MacDonagh, was for a very short time, and by those who knew him least, suspected of having done it; and of how, to clear himself completely, the latter went to America in pursuit of the real criminal, with a tragic result which we will leave the reader to discover for himself.

EARLY ART IN SARDINIA, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR.*

ALL those who have studied the former works of MM. Perrot and Chipiez on Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Phœnicia will gladly welcome another instalment of the very comprehensive scheme of these laborious authors, whose series will, if it is ever completed, embrace the art history of all the classical races of antiquity down to the fall of the Roman Empire. This last work deals chiefly with the early artistic development of various peoples of Semitic race. A great part of the first volume is devoted to the antiquities of Sardinia, which has, in recent years, been one of the most fruitful sources of antiquarian research. In a former volume MM. Perrot and Chipiez have dealt with the tombs of Tharros, midway along the western shore of Sardinia, from which an astonishing number of Phœnician objects, especially engraved gems, have lately been brought to enrich the chief museums of Europe. In the present work the authors discuss at length those curious round towers of Sardinia which even now exist in very great numbers throughout the island. Like the Round Towers of Ireland, these *Núraghs*, as they are called, have for long given rise to very wild and varied speculations as to their origin and use.

By some antiquaries they have been called tombs, by others they have been described as temples, though in real fact there cannot be the slightest doubt that, as MM. Perrot and Chipiez point out, they are simply strongholds, places of refuge for the inhabitants, in case of war at home or foreign invasion. Almost all early races have found the necessity for fortified dwellings, such as these, not as permanent living houses in time of peace, but merely for temporary shelter when a strong band of invaders swooped down on a defenceless village, and forced the inhabitants to abandon their huts of mud and wattle-work, and to save their lives by retirement into some stone-built fortress. Such was the purpose of the massive walls of the citadels of Tiryns and Mycenæ, the circular stone *brochs* of Scotland, and in later times the Round Towers of Ireland. Even in quite recent days such tower-like defences have been common, from the walled castle-court of the feudal lord down to the *pyrgos* or peel-tower of modern Greece, where, as MM. Perrot and Chipiez remark, "only thirty years ago no family of importance but had a *pyrgos*. It was generally a lofty, massive pile occupying the centre of the village, and always kept in good repair; for at the approach of Turkish pirates, or during an affray between the leading families, in which the whole population took part, it became a fortress for the weak side, which hastened to the *pyrgos*, whence they harassed their opponents with the impunity afforded by thick high walls." In mediæval Italy few villages dared to exist except close under the walls of the strong castle of their feudal lord, who in time of war threw open his gates to receive his dependents and their cattle, thus gaining more hands for defence and food for the garrison in return for the shelter which he afforded to the helpless women and children of the village. This state of things is still commemorated by the fact that in modern Italian the same word, *castello*, is used both for a village and a castle.

The Sardinian towers, of which more than three thousand still exist in spite of their constant destruction for the sake of their stone, are built of very massive blocks, in some cases roughly dressed and in others worked with great accuracy. The simplest and commonest form of *Núragh* consists of a circular chamber on the ground floor covered with a conical vault, formed not on the arch but on the corbel principle, like the beehive tombs of Mycenæ and Orchomenus. Above the ground floor is one or more story, each with its vaulted room, approached by stairs winding gently round in the thickness of the outer wall. The entrance to the tower is at the ground level, unlike the Scotch *brochs* and the Irish Round Towers, in which the doorway is ten feet or more above the ground, and could only be reached by a movable wooden ladder, which, when the last man had entered, was drawn up and taken into the tower till the danger was over. Some of the Sardinian *Núraghs* are of a more complicated character, formed by, as it were, fusing together three or more single towers into one colossal mass. A further development was the addition of an outer precinct wall, enclosing a small courtyard, within which the lofty central tower stood. A very interesting restoration of one of these, known as the *Ortu Núragh*, is given by M. Chipiez, whose powers as a draughtsman add so much to the value of this work and all the others of the series. With regard to the date of these towers, and who their builders were, it is difficult to arrive at any certainty. The character of the masonry and the peculiar formation of the vaults make it probable that they were the work of Phœnician settlers, who are known from other evidence to have occupied a great part of the island long before the later wave of Phœnician conquest under the Punic leaders of Carthage.

Judging from the objects found in and near these *Núraghs*, their builders belonged to the late Bronze age, a period which in Sardinia probably lasted some centuries later than it did in Greece or the mainland of Italy. In addition to these fortresses, numbers of which are frequently found grouped together, Sardinia contains many curious structures which clearly were built for sepulchral use. Some of these, popularly called "giants' graves," have much resemblance to the "long barrows" of Celtic

* *History of Art in Sardinia, Judæa, Syria, and Asia Minor.* From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. Translated and Edited by T. Gonino. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

Britain. They consist of cairns of stone piled over a long vaulted sepulchral chamber, which is approached by a doorway with massive jambs and lintel at one end. An interesting series of illustrations of these are given by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, who also publish drawings of the stone circles, dolmens, and other primitive monuments which, by their similarity to those in Malta, Britain, and Northern France, are another proof of the strange unity of mind which is to be noticed among the prehistoric races of so many different countries.

The next portion of this work is devoted to the art history of the Jews. The greater part of this section is based mainly on the discoveries which, during the past twenty years, have been made in Palestine by English explorers, under the direction of Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Warren, and other able archaeologists. As far as regards the arts, the Hebrew race seems to have been very backward, and slow in development, unlike their Phœnician neighbours and kinsmen, whose skill as handicraftsmen was famed throughout the whole shores of the Mediterranean from the tenth century down to the fourth or third century B.C. The Biblical accounts of the building, decoration, and furnishing of Solomon's temple and palace as being wholly carried out by Phœnician artisans, subjects of Hiram, the King of Tyre, with purely Phœnician motives and designs, show clearly the great dearth of skilled labour among the Jews at that time. The main characteristics of these two Semitic races, who, though speaking the same language and inhabiting the same shore of Syria, were so very unlike in their national genius, are well described by the authors:—

But if Jerusalem and Samaria were nowhere as industrial centres, from a moral and religious standpoint, they were highly superior to Tyre and Carthage.

The Phœnicians were nothing if not traders; with them religion never progressed beyond a selfish positivism . . . they quieted the vagueness of yearning, the longing of unsatisfied desire, by wallowing in immoral and revoltingly gruesome practices. The case was altogether different with the Jews. At a critical period of their life, under their last kings, religious sentiment, both intense and fervid, which was reflected in its highest and purest conceptions in their great prophets, took possession of their whole being. . . . Jehovah was a spirit, all powerful, living in solitary grandeur in the highest, outside the world he had made; who, unlike the gods of other nations, did not lend Himself to being painted or sculptured.

This reason, however, does not wholly explain the absence of artistic skill among the Jews. As has been so ably pointed out by Professor Robertson Smith in his recent work on the early religion of the Jews, it was comparatively late in their history when the nobly spiritual conception of Jehovah, as we read it in the books of the Prophets, became widely understood and accepted by the Hebrew race. Apart from religious reasons, their long life as unsettled Nomads had rendered them unfit for manual labour, very much as is the case to-day with the Bedouin Arabs. Even in modern times the strong artistic faculties of the Jews lead them towards the more purely mental and less manual of the arts, such as literature and music, rather than to painting or sculpture, and this seems to have been the case from the earliest dawn of their appearance in history.

Much ingenuity has been expended by M. Chipiez in working out, from the dream of Ezekiel, what the prophet's conception of the great Temple at Jerusalem may have been. A very beautiful and ingenious series of drawings is published here, but the whole is of course purely fanciful, and it may be doubted whether an archaeologist's time and skill are well spent in devising representations of such a building. In dealing with the existing remains around the Temple enclosure, the authors point out M. de Sauley's extraordinary delusion in attributing the so-called "Golden Gate" to the time of Herod. It is clearly a very beautiful and characteristic example of Byzantine architecture, dating, probably, from the great revival of art of all kinds in the reign of Justinian, in the early part of the sixth century. Its name is a curious example of misunderstood transliteration from Greek into Latin, *ᾠπεία*, the beautiful (gate), being transformed in *aurea*, or "golden." On few subjects has a greater mass of idle theorizing been perpetrated than on the buildings of the Haram enclosure and the various temples of Jerusalem from Solomon's time downwards; in clearing away this rubbish MM. Perrot and Chipiez have shown great judgment and antiquarian skill, so that this portion of their work will be a useful guide to the student to the facts of the case, and a signpost to warn him off the quicksands prepared by many writers, both English and French. One thing is to be regretted, the authors appear not to be acquainted with the small but excellent work on "the Holy Places of Jerusalem," by Mr. Hayter Lewis; though, as a rule, their knowledge of the work done by English antiquaries is far in advance of what is usual among the archaeologists of France. In fact, both this work and the preceding one on Persia and Phrygia owe a great debt to English exploration. Without Professor Ramsay's labours in Phrygia and other parts of Asia Minor, MM. Perrot and Chipiez's work would have been immeasurably less complete and valuable. It is one of the great merits of these very careful writers that they are able to make a full and judicious use of the results of so many labourers in the vast field of classical archaeology.

The most important subject treated of in the second volume of this work is the history and the monumental remains of that once powerful race which for some centuries seems to have dominated a great part of Asia Minor and Syria—the Kheta of Egyptian records, who have by many archaeologists been identified with the Hittites of Old Testament history. To some extent this remark-

able race seems at a very early period to have played the same part that the Phœnicians did in subsequent, though still early, times; both races were the introducers westward of the artistic forms of the Euphrates Valley and the Delta of the Nile. In the rock-cut reliefs of the Hittites we see, in a degraded and weakened shape, the special types of gods, men, and animals which were invented in Egypt and by the Assyrians—just as in Phœnician art we see precisely the same Assyrian motives mingled with others of purely Egyptian origin. There is, however, a great difference between the sculpture of the Hittites and that of the Phœnicians—the artists of the latter race possessed a deftness of touch and a keen sense of beauty of form which are quite wanting in the coarser work of the Kheta. The whole of this second volume is most copiously illustrated with excellent woodcuts, and gives the student, for the first time, a clear and concise account of what is now known about this once-powerful and wide-conquering race. As a translation into English little can be said in favour of this work; the style is bad, and in many places the authors' meaning is seriously obscured.

FIXED BAYONETS.*

THE bayonet is a weapon which every nation is fond of calling pre-eminently the national one. "The bullet is flighty," said a well-known Russian, "the bayonet is wise." There is an unconscious remnant of the ancient chivalrous contempt and loathing for villanous saltpetre and its cowardly train in the high popular estimation of cold steel, the dashing, as compared with scientific, calculating, fire tactics. The all-absorbing value of the latter is, perhaps, fully understood only by the leaders, who have to take a panoramic view of war. The actual shock of arms it is that appeals to popular martial ardour; it is cognate with the blood-stirring blare of trumpets, the skirl of the pipes, the crisp rattle of drums. That hand-to-hand is the only fight which really proves warlike superiority is a belief which probably never will be eradicated from the masses. It were difficult to explain satisfactorily to the average foreign soldier, of any nationality, that the bayonet is perhaps more essentially a British weapon than it is that—according to their respective traditions—of the impassive Russ, the fleet Bersagliere, the all-devouring Zouave. "Fire is everything; all the rest is of little account," said Napoleon; what was true in those days is, of course, even truer now. And yet, inasmuch as England, for various reasons, retained later than any other country heavy tactical formations, and as, from the very nature of her Empire, she is practically always at war with uncivilized foes against whose untutored warfare only the crushing shock of hand-to-hand fight can make the required impression, it remains a fact that "fixed bayonets," both in the past and the present, have played a more prominent part in British actions than is allowed by pure theoreticians.

It is also a somewhat curious fact that, among us at least, the wielding of that most terrible of hand-weapons should, for more than a hundred and fifty years since its general adoption, have been left, to all appearances, almost entirely to the light of nature in the foot soldier. Sword exercise seems ever to have been the object of careful practice; but previous to the official adoption, in 1857, of Angelo's system of bayonet exercise, it may be said that no special practice beyond that of a few set parade movements, such as "port" or "charge," was considered necessary to a soldier's fighting instruction.

The literature of this century on the bayonet is a copious one, mostly so in Germany; the lucubrations of mere experts could not, however, be expected to attract the notice of official persons, who were, moreover, free to fall back when convenient on the highly plausible plea that the good old system had always proved sufficiently efficacious to require no change. It may reasonably be supposed that it was the novel appearance of the magazine rifle and its short German bayonet which suggested suddenly to the authorities the necessity of a radical change in the time-honoured calisthenic performances which went by the name of "Bayonet Exercise." Unfortunately, now that the new regulations have been issued, it seems difficult to find any improvement on the old ones; but rather, one would feel inclined to say, "on the contrary, quite the reverse."

Captain A. Hutton, whose name, on grounds artistic and literary, is now closely associated with "Cold Steel"—the title of a former excellent treatise of his, and of a rather striking Academy picture—seems determined to give to the world a complete *corps de doctrine* on "practical" fencing. In his latest work, *Fixed Bayonets*, a companion volume to an equally elaborate treatise on the sabre, he evinces a contempt, expressed in somewhat uncompromising style, for the newfangled system and its scientific pretensions.

There is no doubt that in a furious encounter—and could ever bayonet combat be otherwise than furious?—any highly cultivated nicety of fence would be as utterly unnecessary as elegance and skill in "riding the high horse" would be in a cavalry

* *Fixed Bayonets: a Complete System of Fence for the British Magazine Rifle, explaining the Use of Point, Edges, and Butt, both in Offence and Defence. Comprising also a Glossary of English, French, and Italian Terms common to the Art of Fencing; with a Bibliographical List of Works affecting the Bayonet.* By Alfred Hutton, late Captain King's Dragoon Guards, Author of "Cold Steel" &c. Illustrated by J. E. Breun. London: William Clowes & Sons, Limited. 1890.

charge. Leaving personal energy out of consideration as a granted factor, all that is of importance to the soldier is a body of well-thought-out broad rules and as much strengthening practice as possible. But the framing of these rules, destined to meet average contingencies, the settling of the practices which are to gymnasticize the clumsy recruit to correct and safe actions, require the most skilled, the most enthusiastic, expert. It is in applying theory to general practice that the most intimate knowledge of a weapon's capabilities becomes indispensable.

The perusal of Captain Hutton's exhaustive treatise, and especially of his critical remarks on the new Regulations, suggests a regret that the authorities should not have availed themselves of his rare knowledge in matters of fence before they finally promulgated their new code of rules for the management of the British bayonet. They would, for instance, no doubt have paused before insisting on the use of the "throw point with the lunge"—a stroke risky enough on the platform at an assault-at-arms, and almost idiotically foolhardy on the battlefield; one indeed which, if ever practised in earnest, may gratuitously cost the country the life of many a brave son.

The first chapter is devoted to critical remarks on the new "Physical Drill with Arms and Bayonet Exercise, 1889." While commending the first four practices of "Physical Drill" as an excellent substitute for the tiresome "Extension Motions" of the days of our youth, the writer evidently takes a certain pleasure in pointing out that the deviser thereof "can hardly be credited with much originality of conception, as an exercise almost identical was practised in Angelo's School of Arms, as all the older devotees of that excellent institution may remember, more than thirty years ago. . . . But when we come to the fifth practice," continues the writer, "which forms a kind of introduction to the new bayonet exercise, there is much which it is impossible for any one with true knowledge of fencing to concur in." This refers mainly to the preposterous rigidity of attitude recommended by the official pamphlet, and which was "all very well in the parade movement of 'Charge Bayonets' devised by drill-masters of the last century . . . but is absolutely fatal when introduced into an exercise where flexibility of limb and celerity of movement form the main essential of the soldier's efficiency." And as it is presumed that the object of the new system is to impart to the soldier facility in the management of his weapon "as a practical arm, and not as a parade-ground plaything," it must be admitted that the strictures are correct. But it is on the subject of the "throw point"—the special and most boasted innovation of the new system—that the writer waxes most indignant. He begins by recalling the weighty opinion on the subject of the "throw" in general recorded in Angelo's *Bayonet Exercise*—one which may with advantage be here quoted at length:—

It must be borne in mind, however, that great caution and care must be used when so delivering a thrust direct to the front, as the assailant is likely to be disarmed, or his musket so thrown out of the line of defence as not to be easily recovered; in fact, such a thrust should only be resorted to when there is every chance of its being given effectually, and having the left hand quite prepared to resume its hold.

The simple, old-fashioned "throw," as every practical bayoneteer well knows, was a sufficiently risky stroke; but the new Regulation carries the fault considerably further; it combines it with a lunge—an action utterly incongruous with hastate weapons—and it "actually compels," as Captain Hutton ruefully points out, "the poor soldier, after having completely quitted his rifle with the advanced hand, to therewith grasp [sic] his thigh about midway! thereby making it doubly difficult for him to regain that hold of his weapon about which Henry Angelo, a master of European reputation, speaks so emphatically." Well may "Cold Steel" go on to ask whether "the gentleman who has introduced this ridiculous movement, or the higher authorities who have forced it upon our men, can give any sane reason for having done so?" We might further add that it would have been more conducive to the efficacy of Tommy Atkins's bayonet to have adhered to the old exercise, incomplete as it was, which had at least the advantage of practising him in safe actions, than to suggest to his unsophisticated mind such preposterous notions of fence.

After exposing *seriatim* all and every heresy packed in in the official pamphlet, Captain Hutton quaintly dismisses the subject by remarking that there are some other minor points to which he might take exception, but to criticize which too severely might seem ungracious; he then proceeds to expound his own system.

To the lover of handy implements the new rifle, with its short bayonet, must be a source of great delight. In addition to its paramount excellence as a ballistic arm—a subject which, of course, belongs to a totally different order of consideration—it is, perhaps, the most perfect hastate weapon yet devised. With its double-edged dagger, fixed under the barrel, a satisfactory counterpoise to the butt, it is not only more symmetrical to the eye than any such combination since the days of the plug-knife, but more "responsive" to the hand, and a better balanced fighting instrument than any *arme blanche* yet devised for the use of infantry. And the author does not find a hundred and fifty large octavo pages and twenty-three plates too much for the proper expounding of its various capabilities, not only with the deadly point, but also—a matter, oddly enough, neglected in the system officially devised for the new doubly-sharpened dagger—with the edges, true and false, even as in the ancient days of halberds and partizans, and with that most telling of arguments in close contests, the butt.

By some it may be considered that the bayonet, British weapon as it is, is hardly a subject worth a display of much erudition:—Captain Hutton is conversant with one hundred and seven distinct treatises, written in many languages, on the subject, from the rare volume indited by one Benjamin Cole in 1746, under the title *The Soldier's Pocket Companion; or, the Manual Exercises of our British Foot, as now practised by His Majesty's Special Command*, to the late Mr. Waite's *Sword and Bayonet Exercises*. But we are of opinion that, if a subject is worthy of any treatment, it is well for the community that there should be one who can make it a labour of love and deal with it exhaustively. And there is no doubt that in *Fixed Bayonets* Captain Hutton has treated his chosen subject in a manner which—as was the case with "pure" fencing after Cordelais—will leave but little room for further exposition.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

CANON OVERTON'S *Life of John Hannah* is a good piece of work, and has the conspicuous merit of being short. Archdeacon Hannah was one of those men who form the pith and sinew of the Church of England. All his qualities were considerable. He had learning, vigour, common sense, and the faculty of speech in rich measure, and his face and manner were full of power and animation. Thoroughly in earnest he was, capable of real sacrifice, profoundly devout and kindly—though these two last gifts were not so obvious to the superficial observer as his strength and force of will. Son of a distinguished Wesleyan preacher and professor, he entered Oxford as com-

* *John Hannah*. By J. H. Overton, Canon of Lincoln. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

The Christian Ministry. By William Lefroy, D.D., Dean of Norwich. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

A Manual of Catholic Theology based on Scheeben's Dogmatik. By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

The Book of Exodus. By the Very Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D., Dean of Armagh. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Malachi. By the Ven. T. T. Perowne, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich. (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

St. Matthew. By the Rev. A. Carr, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. (Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools.) Cambridge: at the University Press.

Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Prebendary of Wells, &c. London: George Bell & Sons. 1890.

Supernatural Revelation. By C. H. Mead, Ph.D., D.D., lately Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. New York: Anson, Randolph, & Co.

Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals. By Malcolm MacColl. Third edition. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

The Servant of the Lord. (Is. xl.-lxvi.) By John Forbes, D.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Oriental Languages, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

The Composition of the Four Gospels. By the Rev. A. Wright, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queens' College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Memorials of Edwin Hatch, D.D. Edited by his Brother. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Jesus the Messiah. Abridged edition of "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah." By Dr. Edersheim. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

High Days of the Christian Year. By the Very Rev. Andrew Tait, D.D., &c., Provost of Tuam. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1890.

The Worth of the Old Testament: a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. By Canon Liddon. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

New Zealand. (Colonial Church Histories.) By the Very Rev. H. Jacobs, D.D., Dean of Christchurch, N.Z. London: S.P.C.K.

Our Title Deeds. By the Rev. Morris Fuller, Rector of Ryburgh. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

A Manual for Catechizing. By the Rev. W. F. Shaw, B.D., Vicar of Eastry. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.

An Office for Public Catechizing based on Shaw's Manual. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

A Manual for District Visitors. By Helen Baillie. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Church Catechism in Scripture Story. (Teacher's Manual, Part II.) London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Instructions for Holy Communion. By the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Fifth edition. London: Skeffington & Son. 1890.

The Great Day of the Lord. By the Rev. A. Brown, of Aberdeen. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1890.

The Abolition of Suffering. By S. B. G. McKinney, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

The Old Documents and the New Bible. By J. Paterson Smyth, LL.B., B.D. London: Bagster & Sons, Limited. 1890.

Home and Foreign Mission Preaching. London: Skeffington & Son. 1890.

A Century of Christian Progress. By the Rev. J. Johnston, F.S.S. Second edition. London: Nisbet & Co.

A Plea for Truth in Religion. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., Limited. 1890.

What is Truth? By "Nemo." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. Limited. 1890.

Sermons. By T. F. Crosse, D.C.L., late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Hastings, and Canon of Chichester. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

From Strength to Strength. By B. F. Westcott, Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

moner of Brasenose, and became in due succession scholar of Corpus and Fellow of Lincoln. He was "one of the last and best pupils" of Lord Sherbrooke, who, as Mr. Robert Lowe, enjoyed a colossal reputation for coaching skill. No sooner had Hannah reached the haven of a fellowship than he committed what, in those days (1843), was the unpardonable sin of matrimony. This threw him out of the channel of promotion on which he was fairly embarked, and no doubt marred his career, though it increased his happiness, and even his power for good, for in his wife, a sister of Canon Gregory, he was fortunate enough to find not only affection, but a wisdom and courage that supplemented his own. Had he chosen differently he would have risen in due course to be Professor, Head of a House, and probably Bishop. As it was he became first an energetic and highly successful "coach," succeeding, it used to be said, to half of Mr. Lowe's business in that line; then Rector of Edinburgh Academy; then Warden of Glenalmond in Perthshire; and, finally, Vicar of Brighton and Archdeacon of Lewes. In each of these positions his success was so great that he seemed marked out for promotion, yet somehow the promotion never came. Perhaps he did not care enough about promotion, and would not stoop to the necessary advertising. Perhaps he did not know the right people, or it may be that, with all his shining gifts, he lacked the touch of geniality. He was a first-rate teacher and ruler, with a positive genius for finance. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said that he knew two clergymen fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer—Dr. Hannah and Dr. Jeune. At Edinburgh he had a swarm of distinguished pupils; and, though a staunch High Churchman, retained the confidence of a governing body that was largely Presbyterian. Glenalmond he raised from the depths of impecuniosity to a state of prosperous efficiency. Brighton he found a single unwieldy parish, studded with hideous proprietary chapels. He broke it up, with considerable pecuniary loss to himself, into a number of independent parishes, and gave an extraordinary impulse to church building and church work. His learning was wide and accurate, but it was the old-fashioned learning of the forties. His mind was of the erudite rather than of the literary type, though he was an authority on Elizabethan poetry. He wrote but little, nor could he ever have been a popular author. His preaching was forcible and impressive, though never very brilliant or moving. It was on the platform that his talents showed to best advantage. No one could make a better statement, and he was never taken off his guard. Quick as lightning came the retort, and his strokes, when he was roused, were those of a sledgehammer. He was a born gladiator, and his dialectic was convincing, because of his transparent sincerity and essential goodness of heart. Archdeacon Hannah's abilities were undoubtedly equal to higher duties than fell to his lot, but his life teaches a lesson the more valuable on that account. He threw his whole heart into the duties that came to him, and performed them all conspicuously well.

Mr. Gore has certainly succeeded in rousing into activity a vast amount of latent heat. Already he has upon his hands the Roman Catholics and the High Church, and now the Low Church joins the hue and cry in the person of the Dean of Norwich. Dr. Lefroy's thick volume on *The Christian Ministry* is one that would do credit to an archdeacon, but is hardly what might be expected from a dean. It is just such a book, that is to say, as a busy parish priest, not untinged with scholarship, dashes off when his pet "view" seems to be in danger. The length of the book is due to padding, and, long as it is, the plan is insufficient. Dr. Lefroy undertakes to say all there is to be said about the ministry without attempting to define the correlative idea of the Church. The most interesting part of the work is that in which Dr. Lefroy has developed the last new theory of an original itinerant ministry of apostles, prophets, and evangelists, as distinct from the localized clergy, the bishops, priests, and deacons. St. Paul was accompanied on a mission journey by Silas, a prophet, and Luke and Timothy, who were evangelists. The reasoning here, based upon a close analysis of the Acts, is ingenious and elaborate, but not convincing. Timothy was certainly ordained in the usual way when St. Paul addressed the Epistles to him, and it cannot be proved that he had not been ordained when he went with the apostle to Greece. What is needed is, to demonstrate that the prophet and evangelist, as such, constituted distinct orders in the first days of the Church. Now Heras expressly denies that this was the case as regards the prophet. Two infallible signs of the false prophet are that he demands pay, and claims a seat upon the official bench—that is to say, claims, as a prophet, to be admitted among the clergy. The Didache, of course, does recognize the prophets as an order, and Dr. Lefroy follows respectable authority in considering the Didache to have been written about 100 A.D. Nevertheless, there is good reason for supposing this date to be far too early. The Didache (to omit other arguments, such as its use of Tatian) employs a remarkable phrase, "Not Christians, but Christ-mongers." This phrase is found in the Epistles of St. Basil and in other writers of the fourth century, and is an unmistakable sign of the date at which the Didache was compiled. But, if this is so, it becomes clear that this curious manual belongs, not to the Church, but to some sect of Dissenters, who had drawn from the Acts of the Apostles very much the same inferences as Dr. Lefroy, and whose peculiar usages have no value except for the historian of schism. Dr. Lefroy has much to say about the Apostolic Succession, which he admits only in a non-natural

sense; but this is a labyrinth into which we need not follow him. It is a great blessing that this thorny question can now be discussed on its merits, without rancorous appeals to prejudice. Those who do not agree with the Dean of Norwich will find in him, at any rate, a fair antagonist.

Readers who desire a clear and systematic conspectus of the position and teaching of the Church of Rome will find what they want in *A Manual of Catholic Theology*, an abridged translation of Scheeben's *Dogmatik*, by Dr. Wilhelm and Mr. T. B. Scannell. It contains the latest information; we have Cardinal Manning's assurance that "Scheeben has fully and luminously exhibited the mind of the Vatican Council." The present volume deals with Revelation, Tradition, Infallibility, the Trinity, and Grace. The work proceeds on the old-fashioned scholastic method, and is a model of clearness and systematic statement. Nevertheless, the system is by no means so perfect as it looks in the syllabus. There are things in this volume which if, instead of being separated by a hundred pages or so, they were placed side by side, would strike the reader as absolutely inconsistent. Let him, for instance, compare the rigid, and almost mechanical, theory of inspiration laid down in the first book with the account of the interpretations of the opening chapter of Genesis which are regarded as tenable in the Roman Communion. The first passage would still condemn Galileo; the second would probably absolve Darwin.

The *Expositor's Bible* is certainly a curious illustration of what the word "series" is understood to mean by publishers and editors. It is a series in the sense in which the word may be applied to a row of celebrities in a photographer's window. One volume proves that the organization of the primitive Church was copied from that of the political dissenters; another presents us with the most advanced results of German Hebraists; a third is satisfied with plain scholarship and common-sense, and a fourth is a string of sermons, with a dash of exegesis here and there. The Dean of Armagh's volume on *Exodus* belongs to the last class. The author insists throughout on the strict literal sense, and brings out a profusion of instructive lessons in the course of his narrative. But he has left the rich mines of Egyptology almost wholly unworked.

Of the *Cambridge Bible for Schools* we have received two little volumes—*Malachi*, by Archdeacon Perowne, and *St. Matthew*, by the Rev. A. Carr (smaller edition). Both are admirable specimens of good work upon a highly-condensed scale. Mr. Carr writes for school use. The *Malachi* will be found serviceable by all but advanced students of prophecy. Mr. Sadler's excellent commentaries have been so often noticed in these columns that we need do no more than mention his new volume on *Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy*. Mr. Sadler has the great merit of writing in a scholarly way for those who know "small Latin and less Greek."

Dr. Mead's *Supernatural Revelation* is well worth attentive perusal. Like many others of the modern American divines, the author has studied in Germany, and is intimately acquainted with the course of theological speculation in that country. The principal questions discussed in his volume are theism, miracles, and inspiration, and the point of view is not historical nor scientific, but philosophic. The most valuable part of Dr. Mead's work is probably that in which he states and examines Ritschl's view of the miraculous. Ritschl's whole position is in many ways most instructive, and deserves to be well known and thoroughly considered; at the same time he is so obscure that any one who will play the part of interpreter has a strong claim upon our gratitude. He held that religion and miracle are the same thing; at any rate, that the one cannot exist without the other, because every manifestation of the Divine love to the individual soul is an operation of the unknown upon the known, that is, a miracle. This carries us into a region of thought very far removed from one in which it is possible to assert that "miracles do not happen," and yet to maintain that worship is a reasonable thing. Dr. Mead criticizes very justly the other side of Ritschl's opinion—that we need not greatly trouble ourselves whether any particular historical miracle, except the Resurrection, actually occurred or not. But the general view—that every act of the Unseen Spirit in the world of time and space is a miracle—is one that ought never to be lost sight of, and gives the true starting-point for all debate upon the subject.

Canon MacColl's bright and interesting lectures on *Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals* have reached a third edition.

The object of Dr. Forbes, in his *Servant of the Lord*, is to prove that the last twenty-seven chapters of the Book of Isaiah were really written by the prophet whose name they bear. Dr. Forbes presents his readers with a translation, a running analysis, and notes on the text, but the special motive of his work naturally limits its general utility. At the close of the volume is an appendix on the Immanuel prophecy, where, again, the conservative view is supported with learning and ability.

Mr. Wright frankly tells his readers that his essay on the *Composition of the Four Gospels* was written during the leisure of a long-vacation trip at sea, and with no other books at command than a *synopticon*, a Greek Testament, and pocket concordance. Mr. Wright will one day come to understand that such a free-and-easy way of dealing with serious questions is not the right course for a man who aspires to literary reputation.

The *Memorials of Edwin Hatch* contains twenty-five sermons and eight short biographical notices by the Bishop of St. Albans, Professors Cheyne, Driver, Sanday, and others. We noticed

recently a little volume of poems by Dr. Hatch. The two publications give a tolerable, but still incomplete, idea of one who belonged to a type that is rare in England, amiable, devout, and absolutely fearless, immensely learned, and endowed with a real genius for divining fruitful lines of research. It is the genius of hypothesis, or exploration, which always conducts to great results, though the results are often by no means what the author supposed.

Many readers will welcome the abridged edition of Dr. Edersheim's *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*. It is a delicate task to condense a book, the excellence of which lay in its rich and discursive profusion of illustration. But the work has been judiciously done by two of the author's daughters, and the smaller book will meet the requirements of many who have neither the money to purchase nor the leisure to read costly editions.

High Days of the Christian Year is the title of a set of twenty-eight discourses on Sundays and holy days, from Advent to Trinity, by the Provost of Tuam. The object is to bring out in a full and instructive way the lessons appropriate to each occasion with a special view to doctrine, but without neglecting the practical graces. The tone is scholarly and devout, and the pages are full of matter. Church history, life, and teaching are strong points with the author. The book would have been better and more acceptable had it dealt with these topics alone. Development, Evolution, "Scientists," are tempting butts for all good clergymen to shoot at; but not every hand can string the bow. It is rather harsh to say without qualification that development "sets aside all notion of a Personal Creator." Such language implies a want of intellectual sympathy, and every one who is conscious of this defect in regard to any subject whatever ought to accept it as a warning that in regard to that subject he is not likely to persuade those who are not persuaded already.

Dr. Scheeben, a high Roman Catholic authority, in the work noticed above, holds that it is lawful to regard the first chapter of Genesis as a poem. The Bishop of Durham in his recent commentary on *Hebrews* warns his readers against "presumptuously staking the inspiration and divine authority of the Old Testament on any foregone conclusion as to the method and shape in which the records have come down to us." Dr. Liddon will admit of no compromise at all. "The seal of an infallible authority is set on the whole of the Old Testament," and all critical investigation is forbidden to Christians. It is hardly fair to devoted clergymen who have spoken boldly what they believe to be the truth to attempt to crush them with language like this. At least it is not fair of Dr. Liddon, who is not only able and distinguished, and armed with the power of a great popularity, but knows, or ought to know, full well, what persecution is. We would ask Dr. Liddon, with all respect, whether his sermon at St. Paul's really means what ignorant people will infallibly suppose it to mean, that unless the addresses ascribed to Moses in the Book of Deuteronomy are accurate verbal reports of the Lawgiver's words, there is an end of Christianity. Surely some qualification of this flat denunciation is needed, not only in justice to those against whom it is hurled, but in charity to those, and they are many, who, if pressed with the dilemma "every letter true or the whole a lie," are only too ready to declare the Bible a forgery from beginning to end.

The *History of the Church in New Zealand* is a fat, uncomfortable little volume, and the narrative is dry and official. It was surely unnecessary to set out at full length the details of the miserable squabble about the Dunedin bishopric; and the account of the disputes over the new constitution, though written with the zest of a debater, fails, perhaps on that very account, to make clear the important lessons involved. However, Dean Jacobs gives a plain, business-like statement of Church work and organization in the colony, from the days of Marsden, the first missionary, to the present time; and, if his book had been called a Report instead of a History, little fault could have been found with it.

The Rev. Morris Fuller shows that the Church's *Title Deeds* to her endowments and fabrics are unassailable and unimpeachable; that she neither received them from the State nor was her title system created by the State. He has consulted all the best authorities, and gives a fairly exhaustive account of his subject.

Mr. Shaw's *Manual for Catechizing* contains a form for a children's service, and fifty-nine lessons on the Catechism, with plentiful illustration in the shape of hymns, anecdotes, and so forth. It is intended for the clergyman's use; while *An Office for Public Catechizing* is to be put in the teacher's hands, and represents the instruction that the children ought to receive before going into church. This is a capital plan, and would be found very useful in parishes where, for any reason, it is not possible to hold distinct classes for teachers.

Another serviceable manual is Miss Baillie's *For District Visitors*. It gives some excellent hints on the right way of going to work, and a selection of Scripture readings suitable to different occasions, with short, plain explanations of each. A most practical suggestion is that these should be reproduced as far as possible from memory, because in cottage sick-rooms it is often difficult to procure light without making a fuss.

We have received also *The Church Catechism in Scripture Story*, for use in Sunday school and Bible classes, issued with the sanction of the Education Committee of the Newcastle Diocese; *Instructions for Holy Communion*, by Mr. Ridgeway, which is recommended by Bishop Walsham How as "thoroughly sensible

and excellent for its purpose"; *The Great Day of the Lord*, by the Rev. A. Brown; *The Abolition of Suffering*, by S. B. G. McKinney; *The Old Documents and the New Bible*, by J. Paterson Smyth; *Home and Foreign Mission Preaching*, chiefly sermons for Societies by various hands; *A Century of Christian Progress*, by the Rev. J. Johnston; *A Plea for Truth in Religion*; *What is Truth?* by "Nemo"; a volume of *Sermons* by the late Canon Crosse, of Holy Trinity, Hastings; and Bishop Westcott's *From Strength to Strength*, three sermons in memory of his great predecessor in the See of Durham.

SONGS OF THE GOVERNING CLASSES.*

WE are glad that this book has been reprinted, though perhaps the reasons for our satisfaction are not exactly those which induced the reprinting of it. It is only a "second edition"; but the first was published thirty-five years since, "never had any sale, and has long been unprocurable," as a friendly contemporary, Mr. Edmund Yates, writes. We doubt whether many readers have any very definite idea of the author. He died young and long ago; he left no work of any great literary quality. Some writer of reminiscences (we forget whether it is Mr. Yates himself, or the late Dr. Strauss) has recorded an epigrammatic, if not complimentary, distinction of Robert's brother and Robert as "clean Brough and clever Brough." "Clever Brough" was one of those profoundly unfortunate persons who practically believe in what is called Bohemianism. That is to say, they become aware that some men of genius have drunk more than they should, have failed to pay their bills, have been slack in doing their work to time, and have been addicted to that peccadillo barring which and drink Lockhart charitably said that he had never heard of any other in respect to one of the chiefs of the class. Some of them, lacking logic—which, indeed, is not often a strong point with a Bohemian—proceed to infer that all men of genius drink, fail to pay their bills, &c.; others, outraging that *Dia*, which *vera docet* yet further, convert the proposition simply, and hold that all who drink, fail to pay their bills, &c., are men of genius. And then they "go and do it"; and alas! are not men of genius at all. Of such *mala gaudia mentis* Robert Brough had, we fear, his full share. He wrote, it is recorded, to a friend:—

I'm twenty-nine, I'm twenty-nine!
I've drunk too much of beer and wine,
I've had too much of love and strife,
I've given a kiss to Johnson's wife,
And sent a lying note to mine.
I'm twenty-nine! I'm twenty-nine!

They are not bad verses; they might be written badinagingly with no harm; they might be true, and not be fatal. A man may (be it understood by a censorious world that "may" in these sentences is the equivalent, not of *licet*, but of *fieri potest*) drink too much of beer and wine, he may give a kiss to Johnson's wife because he can't help it, he may even send the note lest worse come of it, and for the sake of his wife herself. But, unless he be a cub, or a cad, or both, he is not proud of these exploits; he does not think himself any the finer fellow for them. Brough, it is to be feared, did. And, what is worse, when he came to satirize the "governing classes," he was lyrically and virtuously wroth with them because they did the same things (*vide* "A Gentleman") which he was proud of doing. *Ça ira* was a favourite song of his; we are afraid that *ça n'ira pas* would fit this aspect of him better.

For Brough (which is by no means necessary to a Bohemian) was also a furious Radical and fiery Democrat. The reason, we fear, is very near to seek. It is the same reason which makes your bad-blooded stupid man hate brains, your bad-blooded poor man hate riches, your *cheval hongre* (to quote Gautier) hate the *cheval* who is not *hongre*. Brough could not be called a gentleman in any sense of the word; though there were flashes in him here and there which showed that, under happier stars, he might have been. And so he hated the very word "gentleman," and said so. It was not entirely his fault. The sham literary indignation of the eighteenth century, which reached its height in Churchill, and which was caricatured by Wolcot in his serious moods, had been turned into a sham unliterary indignation—first, by the great and topsyturvised genius of Cobbett, then by the ranters of the Reform and Chartist schools. The triumph of the reformers had, in a way, consecrated the style. There are slight traces of it even in so sweet-blooded a person as Hood; it abounds in Dickens; it is—a subject of wonder to gods and angels—not wholly absent in Mr. Thackeray himself. It was, perhaps, half the *contrescousp* and half the echo of the wonderful veneration for lords which they felt in the eighteenth century. At any rate, it is most curiously present in Brough. He did not know even the very alphabet of his subject. He makes "Lord Felix Trimmer" succeed in some wonderful way to the earldom of Whitechokerlea, for there seems to have been no new creation. He thinks that "Lord Charles Cleverley" is a peer. At the very moment of the Crimean war—a hideous muddle, no doubt, as far as head went, but where blue blood did

* *Songs of the Governing Classes; and other Lyrics*. Written in a Seasonable Spirit of "Vulgar Declamation." By Robert B. Brough. Second edition. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1890.

not prove itself exactly afraid of being shed—he jeers at the aristocracy for not doing their share of fighting. He was, in fact, of the gutter gutteral—the kind of literary *voyou* who chucks a curse and a handful of dirt at the windows of a fine house merely because it is fine and he is not.

Yet he was really clever in his way, and his way is all the more instructive. He had—though with singular lack of formal knowledge, and apparently a very bad ear—a certain faculty for verse; he had the indignation which often wings verse on its way. He was by no means illiterate. Yet no more ineffective political satire was ever written, even on the anti-Tory side—which is saying a very great deal. The first requisite (we may be betraying a secret, but here goes) of all satire, and especially of political, is that, like a good dilemma, it should be incapable of “retorsion.” When you have said something that you think crushing, and the enemy can smile and say “All right; glad to admit that,” your satire is gone. Brough constantly stumbles in this way, and sometimes—for there was a kind of honesty in him—seems to see it. He has, for instance, a furious invective against a country squire whom he calls by the highly effective and probable title of “Sir Gypes Tollodde.” He is dreadfully severe on the system which produces Sir Gypes. After this he supposes a querist asking

“Is he not hospitable, brave, above the grovelling crew,
In stainless honour as in rank?” I frankly answer—true!
He’s loyal, generous, his word’s his bond to king or clown,
I grant him type of all those gifts have won our land renown.
And yet ’tis hard six parishes, twelve hamlets, and a town,
This splendid title to produce should be, as ’twere, boiled down.

Well, is it? That happens to be the question, and the excellent Brough distinctly gives himself away. So he does here in some attempted sarcasm on a phrase of Lord Palmerston:—

The Prince of Wales is just your age,
Together you will grow up.
He’ll soon want money and a wife:
Don’t, when the time comes, blow up
His marriage grant, however great,
Or heavy to the nation;
That stinting princes is the worst
Of “vulgar declamation.”

Well, again; but where is the satirist if he be met with a placid “So it is”? You can’t meet Aristophanes, or Swift, or Canning that way. You may say that their way of putting the case is not fair, that ridicule does not settle the point, that this, that that, that the other; but you can never simply accept their presentation, and if you are opposed to them say “All right; what next?” That is where the Radical satirist always breaks down, and as it happens that is the very crucial point of satire. You must put your adversary’s view in so ludicrous a light that he cannot possibly accept it; that he is bound to admit that your presentation, whether he grant it to be fair or not, is absurd in itself. This is what the Radical satirist rarely and Brough never does.

And this is what makes him so interesting. One might pick minor faults with him, if it were worth while, *ad infinitum*:—

He’s issued five books of a poem,
And acts of a tragedy four,
Which fortunate people who know him
Say, Shakespeare, will certainly floor.

Alas! it is in vain that kind printers stick commas before and after “Shakespeare.” The sentence means in English that Shakespeare will floor the tragedy, which is indeed probable, but not what the author meant. Take the opening stanza of what some people, we believe, think his masterpiece:—

There is a word in the English tongue,
Where I’d rather it were not;
For shams and lies from it have sprung
And heartburns fierce and hot.
’Tis a tawdry cloak for a dirty soul,—
’Tis a sanctuary-base,
Where the fool and the knave themselves may save
From justice and disgrace.
’Tis a curse to the land, deny it who can?
That selfsame boast “I’m a gentleman.”

Here, of course, again any rational being will say, “Well, as it happens, I can deny it.” Nor need we insist on the clumsy phrase, the halting verse, the sputter and stammer which do duty for the flowing, glowing lava of true satire.

And the thing is all the more instructive in that Brough could write decidedly pretty verse now and then. His “Godiva” is charming in parts, though just a little silly in others; and he was, we repeat, undoubtedly, if not “clean,” “clever.” And yet when, as the poor fellow himself says with a touching pomposity (the ludicrousness of which he did not even suspect), he “gives vent in verse to a deeply-rooted belief that to the institution of aristocracy in this country is mainly attributable all the political injustice, and more especially the moral debasement, we have to deplore” (we have seen how Mr. Brough deplored his moral debasement), he writes like an angry bellman. Verily the Muses would seem, perhaps because of their own abode aloft on Parnassus, to be on the side of the “upper circles.”

AMERICAN WHIST.*

THE publication of this elaborate and handsome work will cause great surprise to the generality of people, who believe that London at present holds a monopoly of the best whist-players, and that after a dictum of Cavendish has been quoted there is nothing more to be said. Cavendish himself, indeed, has in some measure prepared the ground, by advertising in his recent works to American leads, and adopting many of them in principle; but the book before us goes far beyond mere improvements in leads, and shows that the game is played in America with a depth and seriousness which we fancy would strike terror into the hearts of some of the stoutest players in our clubs. Take, for instance, the rules adopted last year by the Deschapelles Club at Boston, so named after the great French whist-player. This Draconian code provides that three members who shall constitute the Committee on Whist Regulations shall be chosen by the whist-players at the annual meeting. If deviation from the order of leads is made upon his original lead by any player, such play may be reported to this Committee by any of the players, or by any bystander. If the reasons given by the unfortunate culprit are unsatisfactory to the Committee, he will be informed that his play is incorrect. Upon a repetition of such play the Committee shall notify to the Club that any other player may properly decline to play at the same table with the offender. We commend this to Mr. Gladstone’s notice as a new method of “exclusive dealing.” To Rule 8 of the same Club the following observations are appended:—

The members of the Club respect the unwritten law that the dignity of their game permits no wager. At its conclusion, the play of a hand may be talked over and analysed, to the advantage of the players. Good play will be approved and poor play criticized. No exultation because of success, or regret because of defeat, will be manifested. High cards will take low cards. It is not a credit to hold the best, nor a discredit to hold the lowest. Hands may be well played and be beaten by hands that are badly played. Censure is deserved by those who do not manage well the cards that are held. Credit belongs to those who practise the best manner of play. The use of knowledge applied to the game, and not the use of fortune applied to the score, proclaims the player.

With no money to be lost or won, and with the danger of practically losing your membership by two or three mistakes, reported on by an eager bystander, we should imagine the Deschapelles Club to be very select indeed. Our readers are probably aware that the Americans have never lost their preference for Long Whist, which became obsolete in England nearly a century ago, and that since 1857 honours have not been counted. Many reformers have advocated the abandonment of the counting of honours in our English play, urging that it makes the game depend more entirely on skill; but, on the other hand, those pretty positions would be eliminated where the saving of a game or a point depends upon making a certain number of tricks, counting before honours already declared against you. The American rules—which, by-the-by, only number 18, whereas ours reach the total of 91—show other differences. A table is formed by 4 persons out of any number by agreement or by cutting, instead of 6 as with us; only four cards may be seen at a time, and not the previous trick as well; the penalty of the infringement of any law is the deduction of one point from the score of the offender, or the addition of one point to the score of the claimant, but the penalty for the revoke is the same as in English. Rule 8 runs thus:—

No conversation can take place during the play. Whist is a game of silence. Talking must cease when the first leader throws his card; silence must continue until the last card of the hand is played. No word or act that gives information concerning the play or situation of any card by a player to either player or bystander is allowable between the turning of the trump and the finish of the last round of the hand.

It follows, therefore, that our Rule 74, by which a player may ask his partner whether he has not a card of the suit which he has renounced, is not in force; nor is Rule 85, which allows the demand that the cards on the table be placed before their respective players. On comparing the table of American leads with the last edition of the leads and hints issued by Cavendish, it will be found that there is little practical difference between them. Naturally, however, the play is affected by the fact that in America the game is 7 points, honours not counting; while ours is 5, including the reckoning of honours. The book gives instances of hands played in different ways by ordinary and by good players, many of them ingenious and interesting; but it is apparent that it is a compilation of previous works on different aspects of the game, for it contains many repetitions, and advice on general subjects is often interspersed with the most technical rules as to the play of the cards. It might therefore be shortened with advantage. The progress that it indicates is astonishing; but though the point of departure seems to have been taken about ten years ago, one cannot help doubting if these refinements of play are as yet very generally diffused. It was only in 1885 that the late Mr. Richard Proctor, on his return from America, wrote:—

Americans at whist are inveterate players of their own hand. They will not admit, or cannot see, the advantage (in nine cases out of ten) of that system by which each player regards his own hand and his partner’s as one—a system by which the game is made really scientific

* *American Whist Illustrated*; combining *Whist Universal* and *American Whist*. By G. W. P. Third edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Among the methods of play arising from this one-hand (or my-own-hand) system is the practice of leading from a short suit, or a singleton, if no suit has much strength. This Americans do quite irrespective of the question whether they hold few or many trumps. . . . It will be understood the Americans like to play a ruffing game, and are in their glory when they get a cross-ruff.

Each and all of these abominations are denounced in the book before us with as much energy as even Mr. Proctor could desire, and we wish he could have lived to retract his opinion of American whist.

GENEALOGICAL CHARTS.*

NO pains have been spared to make this volume, which displays the genealogy of the Royal House of England, as handsome as possible, and no pains have been taken by the author to remedy or conceal his extraordinary ignorance of the matter which he rashly professes to expound. The genealogy is set forth in six large double-page charts, plentifully besprinkled with arms and crests, and ablaze with gilding and heraldic colours. An attempt has been made to exhibit the marriages of the children and other near relations of our kings and queens, both with foreigners and with members of great English families, and to give in an abbreviated fashion some notices of the principal events of the reign of each English sovereign. A few specimens of the sins of omission and commission of which the author, Mr. Illius A. Timmis, has been guilty will be sufficient to illustrate the way in which he has done his work. He begins with Egbert, who, he states, married L. [Lady] Redburga. Under Alfred we read, "Introd. trial by jury. Div. Eng. into shires and hundreds. Founded Un. of Oxford"; under his son Edward "Founded Univ. of Camb. 915"—entries which, though lacking uniformity, are to be commended as exhibiting a spirit of fairness. One of the few notes on Athelstan's reign records the well-authenticated fight between Guy, Earl of Warwick, and the Danish giant Colbrand. The remark that there is "no account" of Edith, Abbess of Wilton, the sainted daughter of Edgar, suggests the reason of her being put down as legitimate; she was, of course, the child of the famous veiled lady of Wilton. And now that we are on the subject of mothers, we may observe that it is disgraceful that in a genealogical work of such pretensions no mark should be given to distinguish the children of different marriages. To resume, by what authority, we should like to know, is Edwy, the "king of ceorls," made a son of Edmund Ironside, and Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor, made to marry a "Walter, governor of Amiens"? Earl Godwin's estates, we may observe, cannot have been extensive, as we find that they are at present represented by the Goodwin Sands, and a new light is thrown upon his connexion with the royal line of Wessex by the announcement that Harold, his son, was the half-brother of the Confessor. We hope no scandal is intended about the "Gemma Normannorum." Under Harold we have the entry "Whitnagmot (sic), a court bef. Conquest led to proving of Parli." How Parliament was proved, or when, or by whom, or with what results, we are not told. "Arlotia" is a form of the name of the Conqueror's mother which we do not remember to have seen before, and we object to her father's home being written as "Talaize." There seems no valid reason for leaving out Matilda, wife of Richard, Earl of Chester, when enumerating the children of Stephen of Blois and Adela, the Conqueror's daughter, or for abstaining from mentioning the name of her brother, Count Theobald. Among the children of the Conqueror we fail to find Constance, wife of Alan, Count of Brittany, who was certainly more worthy of a place in a genealogical work than the wholly fabulous Isabella, who is named as the wife of Alexander I. of Scotland. Alexander's wife was Sybilla, a natural daughter of Henry I. by a sister of Waleran, Count of Meulan, and the blunder is complicated by a later entry which makes King John's daughter Joan the wife of Alexander I. Another of John's daughters, Eleanor, is put down as the wife of "Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke," who died years before she was born. It is surely not going too far to say that the maker of chronological charts who can describe a lady as having for her first husband the invader of Ireland and for her second Simon of Montfort, Earl of Leicester, has mistaken his vocation. Nor can we speak well of a genealogist who confuses, as Mr. Timmis does, Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, who died of the plague in 1361, with his son-in-law, John of Gaunt, and makes him live to see the accession of Richard II. To pass to a later period, we must leave our readers to make what they can of "Arabella Stuart—heir to C. if Hy. 8th will re. his sister Margaret had been complied with." Lastly, to show that we have gone through the whole of this amazing production, we will note that, as one of the events of the present reign, the death of the Duke of Wellington is dated 1851. Never since the beginning of the days of the general diffusion of superficial knowledge have we seen anything to equal this exhibition of the ignorance and carelessness of Mr. Timmis.

* Chronological, Historical, and Heraldic Charts of the Royal House of England from King Egbert to the Present Time. By I. A. Timmis, M. Inst. C.E., &c. London: Sotheran & Co. 1890.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

THE fifth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* will be memorable as containing in the first place a Life of Mr. Henry George, by the best authority, and in the second a Life of Mr. Gladstone, by an impartial writer. The authority for George, Henry is Henry George. It may be a coincidence, though a curious one—all the more because the account here given of George, Henry by Henry George is so very much what George, Henry might have been expected to give. The impartial author—we have his word for his impartiality—of the long article on Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. The length of the biography is what it should be, of course—that is to say, twice what is allowed to the Highlands or George III., and about a third of what is allotted to all Great Britain. In this last case there is, perhaps, a want of proportion, too much being given to one—the Gladstonians know to which. But better than the scale of the article is its impartiality. We notice almost with emotion how tenderly Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., dwells on the sorrow which it must have been to good Mr. Gladstone to pass Coercion Acts at the dictation of the wicked Castle, just after he had been so handsome to Ireland with Land Bills. Nothing can be more excellent than the moderation of judgment which points out that "no impartial man can deny him (i.e. Mr. Gladstone) the credit of his sacrifice and the sincerity of his intentions." Well, what intentions? But the gods are just, and have rightly sentenced Mr. Gladstone to be patted on the back by Mr. Parnell's items. We notice, as another instance of the excellent judgment shown in the choice of authors for articles, that Grote has been given [away] to Mr. G. Barnett Smith. The selection of authorities is not, however, always at (the world shall judge whether it is up or down) this level. Gay, Goldsmith, and Hogarth fall, for instance, to Mr. Austin Dobson; Goethe to Mr. Dowden, Hugo to Mr. Henley, and Homer to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. What a priceless volume it would have been, by the way, if the first precedent we quoted had been followed, and Gladstone, W. E., had been done by W. E. Gladstone! Homer might have been given to Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., who would have "done" him impartially in a beautiful style, all sparkling with recognizable quotations. Even the best of books falls at times below the attainable in excellence.

Biographical articles are always the best fun in an Encyclopædia, and in this volume they swarm. There is even one on the much-maligned General Haynau, who did not flog women, but did horrify the Italian patriot by reminding him of the perils which await those who will meddle with cold iron. But there are other articles too. For the most part, they are what they should be in such a book—that is, short and good for reference, which, of course, means that they are not good to read for "ready." They are not, we acknowledge, meant to be read for ready, but only read for work, and are not to be blamed for only being what they pretend to be. Take Dr. Clouston's article on Hallucinations—a most fascinating subject, for example. It gives the bare bones fairly well, but one would like to get so much more which could now be given. There is something more which, however, might have been given, and is not, and that is a reference to authorities. Dr. Clouston merely tells us to look at "Insanity." Now, in a book of reference this is not as it should be. The references to authorities are altogether a weak point with *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. It is not enough at the end of the article "Herat" to refer the reader to Malleon and Yate. We insist on it because a weakness on this point is a very serious weakness indeed in a book of reference. The complaint has been made about some of the articles here before, and it is painful to see no sign of amendment. It is an ugly vice, because it shows a contumacious readiness to encourage the sciolism which is the very worst of all the bad results the use of an encyclopædia can have. The virtue of a book of this kind is precisely to put you on the way to the original authorities. When it pretends to stand by itself it requires rebuke. Our comment on this deficiency must not be supposed to mean that it is what we have mainly noted in this volume. But "Chambers" has been so much praised here and elsewhere, quite justly, that it can stand a little severity of criticism. Many of the articles are signed by names which do give them an independent authority of their own. For instance, "Government" (Charles Elton, M.P.), "Guilds" (Thomas Kirkup), "Geology" (Professor Geikie), "Hawaii," "Honolulu" (Charles Lucas), and others, which will be found on application to the volume.

THE GOLFING ANNUAL†

"WHAT a quare lot of ways o' wasting time there is nowa-days!" said an Irishman when he first saw the game of golf. As a poet in the new *Golfing Annual* avers that the game gives its votaries "strength, wit, and glee," perhaps the economical Irishman was wrong. As we should not be "aye dram, dramming," according to the Highland preacher who made so many concessions to alcohol, so we should not be "aye golf, golfing." Golf ought not to be a profession, but a pastime; and as a pastime it is the most blameless in the world. As Mr. Horace Hutchinson

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. Vol. V.—Friday to Humanitarians. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1890.

† *The Golfing Annual*. London: "Field" Office. 1890.

shows in his essay on "How to Lay Out Links," golf, and the frequent passage of the human foot, really improve the grass. A piece of soil *lustrata pede barbaro* turns its whins and bent into excellent grazing ground. Golf is a cheap sport—above all, when every man is his own caddie; and we can imagine no social or moral objection to it, except that the caddie's life is not a regular one, but has ups and downs of irregular employment, of idleness, and of whisky. If some mode of keeping the emoluments and honours of caddieship reserved for good old men who cannot work, for steady professional players, and for boys out of school and yet not settled in an occupation, could be invented, the soul of the golfer would be like a sea at rest. But it is not agreeable to think of the men who drift into carrying, and who often become loafers, bad caddies too. The large sudden demand for persons to carry clubs at seaside places fosters a class of loungers, and allures men from sea-fishing and other strenuous and hardy labour. This is a distinct drawback to golf, and this might perhaps be mended if Clubs had more power than it is possible for them to possess. Any one may play over public links, any one may carry clubs, and many who carry clubs are qualifying for an irregular life and a destitute old age. However, we have relieved our mind on the subject; no man can be his caddie's keeper, and the best that individual players can do is to stick to one good caddie till an opportunity is found for him to "better himself" by taking to some other work.

These difficult problems do not engage the poets and *prosateurs* of the *Golfing Annual*. Mr. Hutchinson's words of wisdom are restricted to the laying out of links and the art of reporting. He does not find much literary skill in reporters, who often fail to make the reader understand "the psychological moment" or crisis of a match. They give the details, but not the essence. They may study Mr. Hutchinson's criticisms, and try to improve. As to links, they may be divided into seaside links, inland links on commons or downs, and park links, where the grass is long, the hazards are trees, and golf is hardly golf at all. But it is a not unamusing form of exercise; and, as Mr. Hutchinson remarks, we may adopt the old Dutch plan of playing to hit a pin instead of putting to a hole. The grass in parks can only be made into putting-greens by great labour and at considerable expense. Again, we might borrow a hint from the *Jeu de Mail*, and, in place of playing to hit a pin, "loft" the ball through a raised ring of wood or iron. This sounds as if it would be rather interesting practice. In laying out regular links the distance between holes should be that of a good drive, say 170 yards, or twice or thrice that distance. It should be arranged that a topped ball from the tee shall be punished, while a well-hit ball shall not fall in a jungle of whin nor a Sahara of sand, but shall secure a decent lie. Mr. Hutchinson would fill up "catchy" little hazards, like "Sutherland," we fear. In real old historic links we, for our part, would have no interference with the bunkers. In new links a new generation may dig or fill up its own hazards at pleasure. Whins have to be cut; in the "ruecourses" at Wimbledon the course was cut too narrow. It will soon, to all appearance, be "all too wide," as the regretful poet says about the place where his "lady's locks divide." The niblick and the human foot are sadly destructive of whins. A hazard ought to be such as a man may, with skill, get out of at one shot. Whins do not often surrender the ball so easily. But whins are, inevitably, the chief hazard on inland greens. Mr. Hutchinson's chief rules about grass and sand, and linkculture generally, may be put thus—"Consult Tom Morris." We doubt whether the veteran will see the fun of getting a secretary to answer all inquiring souls. Nor, perhaps, does he quite agree with Mr. Hutchinson on teeing grounds. He rather, we fancy, likes a hanging tee—an uncommon taste, but perhaps necessity has driven him, on an overworked green, to his hanging tees. Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Everard, who writes on etiquette, and homicide, and the cry of "Fore!" are the most practical contributors. The poetry is rather good, in Scots, and a little apart from business in some romantic lines by Webster Glynes, who sings of Rowena, Vortigern, Hengist, Woden, the giant Earth, Electricity, and kindred topics. Such are the lines of Webster Glynes. "The Whin Whippers," who play twenty-five in a bush, are a subject more favourable to the golfing Muse. Brief accounts of Machrihanish, Dornoch, and other distant links are provided. And we have accounts of the matches for the championship, with a great deal of other information useful to golfers and not others. We are glad to learn that Ballantrae links have been extended. They are very pretty and retired; there is exquisite scenery by land and sea, and very good sea-fishing for those who like an evening among the lythe. The golfer who loves quiet, landscape, and decent golf may do worse than try the pleasant little Ayrshire village, where he is not so far from Prestwick, if he becomes more ambitious, and is not content with being master of Ballantrae.

NEW PRINTS.

MR. STEPHEN GOODEN, at his gallery, 57 Pall Mall West, has now on view a proof of an etching of the large picture which Mr. Keeley Halswelle exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1883, as

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dash and shiver
On the stream that runneth ever,

side by side with the painting itself. This is probably the most effective landscape which Mr. Halswelle has ever produced. Neither the colour, which is too kaleidoscopic, nor the illumination, which is too dazzling, is quite to our taste; but Mr. Halswelle always a little affronts the modesty of nature. These faults are less apparent in the etching, which is signed by M. Louis Brunet-Debaines, the well-known French water-colour painter and etcher. It is well massed, with the lustrous river and its shining water-lilies below and the broken sky above, divided by the graceful pyramidal mass of sombre copse. This is likely to be a very popular print.

Messrs. Bousod, Valadon, & Co. have on view at 116 New Bond Street a proof of a large new etching of Mauve's water-colour drawing, "From the Dunes," by Mr. E. Stark. This represents a retreating flock of sheep, following the shepherd, who advances towards a thin clump of trees along a sandy road. The etching reproduces cleverly the general appearance of Mauve's painting, with its pale tones under a heavy grey sky. But the technical part of Mr. Stark's work is not without serious shortcomings. The black figure of the shepherd is not in harmony with the surrounding portions of the etching, and is a mere blot. The best part of the plate is the relief of the belt of distant trees against the sky. The same publishers have issued, in goupilgravure, M. Boutigny's popular picture, "Un Brave," from the Salon of 1884. This is a very effective episode of the Franco-German war. In the middle of the empty street of a French town a young franc-tireur kneels with his rifle, and does havoc among the German troop advancing at the other end of the vista. His family, distracted with terror and distress, are clustered in shelter on the steps of the house, and their agonized attitudes contrast with his serene air of intrepidity. Two Uhlands have fallen already under his fire, and the progress of the invader is checked for an instant. This is a very good example of patriotic French art, legitimately exercised.

Messrs. Bousod, Valadon, & Co. have the special art of reproducing water-colour drawings in colours with an exactitude that may deceive the very elect. Their latest examples of this kind are "La Terrasse des Tuileries," with Empire figures strolling about, after François Flameng; and "La Trottoir," an art-student talking to a grisette on a bridge, after C. de Lort.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE noticed the first volume of this scholarly and well-printed edition of Catullus (1), with translation and commentary, some eight years ago. The complete work now appears with the second volume dated 1890 instead of 1882, and with the imprint of M. Lemerre instead of M. Perrin, of Lyons, as printer. It is a very beautiful edition—the best and most carefully printed of any Latin classic that we have recently seen. As so long a time has passed, it will not be superfluous to say a word or two of M. Rostand's translation, which is always very clever and sometimes very close. The translator has, indeed, rather evaded than surmounted the chief difficulty which has baffled many, if not all, translators—the difficulty of finding modern lyric measures to represent the bird-like metres of the greatest lyric poet of Rome. The Alexandrine, which he rarely abandons, and then chiefly for the decasyllable, at once gives ample verge for the amplification which modern version of classical work craves, and is far easier than any attempt to produce a Catullus in Ronsardian or Banvillian guise would have been. The commentary which M. Thomas took up three years ago from the dying hands of M. Benoist is sufficient and scholarly, both as to actual *apparatus criticus* and to the more literary side of the subject, and puts before the French readers the results both of German learning and of that English scholarship which, in Catullus's case, is so well represented by Mr. Robinson Ellis.

The Marquis Costa de Beauregard takes up and concludes (2) the pious but rather melancholy task which he undertook (relying on abundant family papers) in *La Jeunesse de Charles-Albert*. To the fanciful the admirably engraved portrait, which serves as frontispiece, will almost "speak" the unlucky Sardinian King in whose defeat (to borrow the biblical metaphor) the foundation-stone of the unification of Italy was laid, while in his dethronement the gates thereof were set up. The face is much more sixteenth or seventeenth than nineteenth century, and rather more Spanish than Italian, with a certain not in the least affected air of "fatality" about it. Misunderstood by others, and perhaps not unfrequently mistaken in his own views, Charles Albert would certainly have been called "the Unlucky" by the ages which tacked such epithets to kings' names. We are not even sure that it is possible for people in general, not Italians, to feel for him the enthusiasm which has descended from a few personal adherents to a pretty large portion of the Italian nation. There have been frequent instances in which the undoubted ability of the House of Savoy drew near to sharp practice, and it is difficult to think that the very general distrust with which Charles Albert was regarded by persons and parties widely removed from each other arose

(1) *Les poésies de Catulle*. Traduction en vers français par E. Rostand. Avec un commentaire par E. Benoist et E. Thomas. 2 tomes. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Les dernières années du roi Charles-Albert*. Par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard. Paris: Plon.

from pure misapprehension. But he was certainly patriotic in intention, he was as certainly unfortunate, and at last he effaced himself for his country in a manner which cannot be too much praised. M. de Beauregard's memoirs of him might, we think, have been pruned and compressed with some advantage, but are still interesting.

M. Joguet-Tissot (3) has thought it worth while to extract and arrange, from General Ducrot's work for the French side and from the official Prussian reports for the other, a clear, detailed, and apparently exact account of the siege. It makes a book which is a little open to the charge of jejune from the general reader; but that was nearly unavoidable, and it has every appearance of being thoroughly trustworthy.

The eighth volume of the valuable series of Instructions to French Ministers which is now being published deals with Russia, and could not therefore have been committed to any better hands than those of M. Alfred Rambaud (4). We can at present do little more than chronicle it, but shall hope to review it at length later.

The fifth and last volume of the Memoirs of Villèle (5) has appeared. We think, and have hinted before, that it would have been much better if the book had been thinned out to, say, two volumes instead of five; for its positively valuable matter is eked out with much that is of no value at all. But still it is a "document," and when it is time for the history of the nineteenth century to be written—which time is certainly not yet—it will not be neglected.

Of the two school-books before us, Mr. Stedman's *Passages* (6) will make a useful addition to the list, for they are varied and well selected. With M. Esclançon (7), who proclaims himself on his title-page "Examiner in French in the University of London, to Christ's Hospital, &c.; Lecturer in French Literature, King's College (Ladies' Department), Royal Normal College, &c.; Principal of the French Department of the City of London Middle Class School," we do not propose to argue whether the Hamiltonian system (which he has practically followed in his *Fablier de la jeunesse*) is a good one or not. But we should really be glad if he would tell us whether in the discharge of the important functions just enumerated he encourages translation of this kind:—"C'est pour que mon malin neveu écoute bien et parle peu." "It is in order that my nephew listens well and speaks little." Persons given to violent language might call it scandalous that an examiner, lecturer, principal, and what not should translate in this fashion. We shall only call it excessively odd. And there are other things nearly as odd in the book.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOMETHING of what William Smith, the author of *Thorndale*, called the "conflict of opinions" might be looked for in Mr. Lewis Thornton's volume of essays, *Opposites* (Blackwood & Sons), which is devoted to an exposition of the "unpopular sides of popular questions." There is little, however, in the book to stimulate those who delight in some argument betwixt one twa on any subject. Mr. Thornton's essays are excursive and indeterminate. There is just enough of the argumentative spirit in his survey of modern schools of religious and scientific thought to brush the surface and to make it flow. His tone is amiably tolerant when treating of Occultism, Darwinism, Agnosticism, Spiritualism, and other "isms," and his opposition to current popular "views" is, on the whole, extremely invertebrate. In his confidential preface Mr. Thornton confesses that, like Socrates, his intellect always sees the opposite side of whatever is presented to it; "a most annoying sort of intellect to possess, yet for some mysterious reason it is the kind with which I have been provided." To rush to the opposite side and "pick holes in it" is, it seems, an intellectual instinct in Mr. Thornton. It is a pleasant exercise and no great damage is done. There are the Positivists, for example. "As to M. Comte," says Mr. Thornton, "I can say nothing because I have not read him"; but Mr. Mill he has read, and Mr. Mill, according to Mr. Thornton, has disposed of M. Comte. What can be more satisfactory? Yet Mr. Thornton might have cited those who have settled Mr. Mill. With the same light heart does he tackle the "opposite" of the great woman question, "Gods and Women," by declining at the outset to "enter into any learned discussion about pagan mythology, because I do not know enough about the subject." Admirable, too, is the airy proposal, "Let us take a look at Buddhism," which Mr. Thornton offers after discussing the *Scientific Religion* of the late Mr. Oliphant. It is hard to keep pace with the author's rapid reviewing of other people's opinions and his dallying with contentious matters. On one point we are firmly established. Mr. Thornton was early grounded in the "literal Bible," and is thankful for the training.

Perhaps it is due to this literal or Huxleyan receiving of the Scriptures that Mr. Thornton finds no poetry in the first chapter of Genesis, and "very pretty poetry" in George Eliot's "O may I join the choir invisible!"

A pleasant little book for anglers and lovers of nature is Mr. John Watson's *British Sporting Fishes* (Chapman & Hall). All fresh-water fish that afford any sort of sport are sporting fish according to the author, who finds room in his delightful sketches of the life-histories and habitats of fish for the smallest of small fry, the loach, the minnow, the stickleback, and so forth. Mr. Watson's sketches follow a downward scale, from salmon and trout to the small fry of the pool and the brook, and all are characterized by remarkable delicacy of observation.

Biographers are still busy with Mr. Stanley. The Rev. Henry W. Little's *Stanley's Life, Travels, and Explorations* (Chapman & Hall) is, perhaps, the most bulky of the numerous compilations that profess to supply the uninstructed with a full account of Mr. Stanley's career. As book-making goes, the book is by no means bad. Mr. Little appears to be a painstaking, conscientious compiler, and his narrative, though far too spun out, possesses genuine continuity. But the book is without a single map, the want of which must surely try the patient reader to the utmost.

The many good stories that appear in the series of reminiscences contributed by the late Lord Lamington to *Maga* have been extensively "sampled" of late. As now reprinted, under the title *In the Days of the Dandies* (Blackwood & Sons), these charming and suggestive recollections will delight a larger public.

The new volume of the "Pen and Pencil Series," *London Pictures*, by the Rev. Richard Lovett (Religious Tract Society), is one of the prettiest of a popular set of illustrated books of travel. There is good cause for the inclusion of London in this series; for one may be a traveller in the metropolis as in the wilds of nature, and strangers and countryfolk could wish for no more genial guide than Mr. Lovett. The illustrations, some of which do not now appear for the first time, are altogether up to the standard of the series.

Mr. F. O. Buckland's *Health Springs of Germany and Austria* (Allen & Co.) is a useful little handbook, though rather of the nature of a guide to those in search of health than a treatise on the methods of treatment pursued at the German and Austrian spas. The opening chapter comprises some sound general hints on the right selection of a mineral spring.

The complaint of the distressed agriculturist in America is forcibly illustrated in Mr. J. R. Elliott's *American Farms* (Putnam's Sons). The American farmer is affected, as most people are in America, by the action of "combines" or "trusts," of which Mr. Robert Donald gives a lively account in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. In the older States his condition is sad indeed, according to Mr. Elliott. Abandoned farms are the rule in many districts, while a large proportion of existing farms are mortgaged. Protection is the American farmer's deadly enemy, says Mr. Elliott, and he is doomed by it to perpetual labour, like "the robber Sisyphus of fabulous history"—a rather odd simile, by the way. On the whole, nothing could well be blacker than the condition and prospects of the American farmer, according to Mr. Elliott. The remedy he advocates is that farmers should follow the order of the day and themselves combine by forming milk trusts, butter trusts, and so on. The suggestion recalls the advice offered by an American poet to the virtuous publisher when vexed by piracy, that he should forsake honest ways and be a pirate too.

The Lancashire stories and poems of the late Edwin Waugh deserve to be far more widely known than they are. To those unacquainted with the writer, or those who are likely to boggle at the dialogue, no better introduction could be named than *Snowed Up* (John Heywood), a narrative full of admirable characterization and racy anecdote. The story of the Rochdale sexton is one of the finest examples of Waugh's rich humour. We have also received from Mr. Heywood the fifth edition of *Lancashire Songs*, the charming sketch *Craig Dhu*, and that delightful recital of the Birtle carter, *Owd Bodle*.

Mr. William Root Bliss's interesting chronicle of New England society in the last century, *Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay* (New York: Houghton & Co.), appears in a new edition, with additional extracts from the old records in the author's possession, relating chiefly to the period of the Revolutionary war.

Grim Truth, by Alexia Agnes Vial (Montreal: Lovell), is a cheerful little story founded on the well-known old fable. There is nothing particularly grim, however, in the complications that follow an epidemic of compulsory truth-telling which befell the inhabitants of a Canadian country town.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *The Memoirs of Lord Melbourne*, by W. M. Torrens, (Minerva Library) (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *The Head of the Family*, by Mrs. Craik (Macmillan & Co.); *Kingsley's Village Sermons and Town and Country Sermons* (Macmillan & Co.); Longfellow's translation of the *Purgatorio*, "Pocket Library" edition (Routledge), and Part IV. of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received *Capital and Interest*, a translation by Mr. William Smart of Professor Böhm-Bawerk's *Kapital und Kapitalzins* (Macmillan & Co.); *Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education*, by John C. Henderson (Putnam's Sons); *On*

(3) *Les armées allemandes sous Paris*. Par J. Joguet-Tissot. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs et ministres de France*. Tome viii.: *Russie*. Par Alfred Rambaud. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Mémoires et correspondance du Comte de Villèle*. Tome cinquième. Paris: Perrin.

(6) *Easy French Passages for French Unseen Translation*. By A. M. M. Stedman. London: Methuen, Bell, & Sons.

(7) *Le fablier de la jeunesse*. By A. Esclançon. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

the Bank's Threshold, a popular outline of banking, illustrated by anecdote, by W. Haig Miller (Partridge); Mr. Henry Burdett's *Hospital Annual* for 1890 (The Hospital, Limited); *Notes on American Schools and Training Colleges*, by J. G. Fitch (Macmillan & Co.); and the third edition of *A Directory of Writers for the Literary Press*, compiled by Mr. W. M. Griswold, of Bangor, Maine.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from *Veuve J. BOYVEAU*, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 & 85 Duane Street, New York, and at Messrs. DABRELL & UPHAM's, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,807, JUNE 14, 1890:

Chronicle.

"To Tubal and to Chus his Countrymen."

Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen.

"We Kissed again with Bears." The Sweating System.

Above the Senior Wrangler. Demonstration Rowdyism.

Instructions. Betterment. Vice Mitchelstown Superannuated.

The Savings Banks Bill.

Mr. Balfour on Democracy. Hawks and Pigeons.

Autumn Session or New Rule?

Un Enfant fin de Siècle.

Links not Missing—V. "Nerves"—The Daly Company.

The Grottoes of Assouan. Racing at Epsom.

The License of Novelists—III. "Paris fin de Siècle,"

Notes from the Zoo—the Praying-Mantis.

The Egyptian Conversion. The late Lady Ely.

Recent Concerts. Money Matters.

Paddy's Playthings.

Pico della Mirandola and Sir Thomas More.

A Tale to a Grandmother. Macaulay's Herodotus.

Novels. Early Art in Sardinia, Syria, and Asia Minor.

Fixed Bayonets. Books on Divinity.

Songs of the Governing Classes. American Whist.

Genealogical Charts. Chambers's Encyclopædia.

The Golfing Annual. New Prints.

French Literature. New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.O.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS!
GRAND DISPLAY every THURSDAY at 8.45 by C. T. BROCK & CO. The novelties of 1890 include a new spectacular device, "MAN THE LIFE BOAT," a sensational dramatic story in Fireworks, with realistic effects. Snake chasing Butterfly round trunk and branches of tree, Whistling Rockets, &c. Admission daily, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Robert Grice, Mr. Henry Bailey, and Mr. Watkin Mills, will sing in the GRAND PERFORMANCE of Mendelssohn's "ST. PAUL," on Saturday, June 15, at Three. Numbered seats, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., including admission to Palace, may now be booked at Crystal Palace and usual Libraries.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mendelssohn's "ST. PAUL."
Saturday, June 15. Chorus and Orchestra, 3,500 performers, including special choir of 500 boys. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyre, F.C.O. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Numbered seats, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., including admission to Palace.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION
NOW OPEN.
Admission, One Shilling, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

PLEASURE CRUISES to the LAND of the MIDNIGHT SUN.—The ORIENT COMPANY'S steamships "GARONNE" (3,670 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (3,547 tons) will make a series of TRIPS to NORWAY during the Season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later:—

June 18, for twenty-seven days.

July 15, for fifteen days.

June 25, for fifteen days.

July 22, for twenty-seven days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of June 18 and July 22 will proceed to the North Cape, where the sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "GARONNE" and "CHIMBORAZO" are fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

Managers:—(F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.)

For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

BALLIOL, OXFORD.—Garden Quad. Messrs. DICKINSON & FOSTER have on VIEW, at 114 New Bond Street, a SERIES of PICTURES illustrating the UNIVERSITIES, and comprising Brasenose, Christ Church, Magdalen, Merton, New, Oxford; Caius, King's, St. John's, and Trinity, Cambridge. Admission free.

HARROW.—"Fourth Form Room"—"Chapel"—Interior—"Speech Day." The GREAT SCHOOLS of ENGLAND. DICKINSON & FOSTER have ON VIEW a SERIES of PICTURES illustrating Eton, Charterhouse, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby, Repton, Rossall, Rugby, Sherborne, Westminster, Wellington, and others in progress.—114 New Bond Street. Admission free.

MINIATURE PAINTINGS of all kinds RESTORED with care, mounted and framed, by DICKINSON & FOSTER, Miniature Painters, 114 New Bond Street, W.

ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The EIGHTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, June 12, 1890, at the Royal School of Mines, 29 Jernyn Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following Paper will be read:—

"An Examination of the Coal and Iron Production of the Principal Coal and Iron Producing Countries of the World, with reference to the English Coal Question."

By GEO. G. CHISHOLM, Esq., M.A.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE COLONIAL COLLEGE and TRAINING FARMS (Limited), HOLLESLEY BAY, SUFFOLK. For the TRAINING of YOUTH for COLONIAL LIFE, &c.
Prospectus on application to the Resident Director.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—Election to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £25, and one of £10) on July 15, 1890. Candidates must be under Fourteen years of age on January 1, 1890.—For further particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, near Abingdon.

BRIGHTON LADIES' COLLEGE, Sussex.

Head-Mistress—Miss WILLOUGHBY, B.A. University of London;

assisted by Lady-Graduates, Honourmen, and London Professors.

French or German spoken by all the resident Staff.

Fine premises; liberal arrangements; wide culture.

Fee, £25 to £35 a Term.

For Prospectus address H. PERCY-BECKER, Esq., 26 Bedford Row, London, W.C., or REV. THE WARDEN, Brighton Ladies' College.

ST. CLARE COLLEGE, WALMER, KENT.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A. Clare College, Camb.

One of the Examiners to the Irish Board of Intermediate Education, late Head-Master of South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, with a staff of Assistant Masters (Graduates).

The College is situated in a delightful spot, close to the sea, and contains teaching and boarding accommodation, chapel, sanatorium, infirmary, playground, laundry, gymnasium, track, workshop, &c. 14 acres of well-timbered and beautiful grounds, cycle path, cricket and football fields, tennis-courts, &c., sea-bathing and boating.

The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks.

Inclusive fees, Eighty Guineas per annum. Exhibitions and Scholarships, of £10, £15, and £25, are annually thrown open for competition.

For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL, HONITON, DEVON.—SUC-

CESSORS in 1890: Queen's Scholarship at Westminster, Senior S. scholarship at Rossall, Classical Scholarship at Cheltenham. Since January 1883 the following Scholarships have been obtained direct from the School, besides University and other distinctions: Four Scholarships at Winchester Five at Charterhouse, Six at Westminster, Three at Bradford, Three at Cheltenham, Three at Marlborough, One at Rossall.—For particulars, apply to the Rev. R. A. BYRDE, Head-Master.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 155 guineas and 400 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition in September 1890.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, and may be joined at any time.

Classes may be made to Lectures or Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RESDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, Secy.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill

up VACANCIES on the FOUNDATION and EXHIBITIONS will take place on

July 8, 9, and 10.

For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

OUNDLÉ SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be competed for on July 8. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

BOYS prepared for the Universities, Public Services, Professions, and Business. Fee moderate and inclusive.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-

Mistress of the Norwich High School, has a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited.

SCHOOL PIANOS.—NEW MODELS, from 18 Guineas.

All the latest Improvements. These instruments are remarkably of their beautiful tone, perfect touch, and durability. PIANOS for HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.—W. J. ENNEVER & SON, Manufacturers, 57 Berners Street, London, W.